Memories of Old Derby

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To Sir Edward S. K.

- from Katanning 1+2

The First Congregational Church
Built in 1820

MEMORIES OF OLD DERBY

Compiled from articles
written by

ALBERT F. SHERWOOD

PUBLISHED BY
THE SARAH RIGGS HUMPHREYS CHAPTER
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
DERBY, CONNECTICUT
1924

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THE TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR COMPANY,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"The Mystic Chords of Memory"

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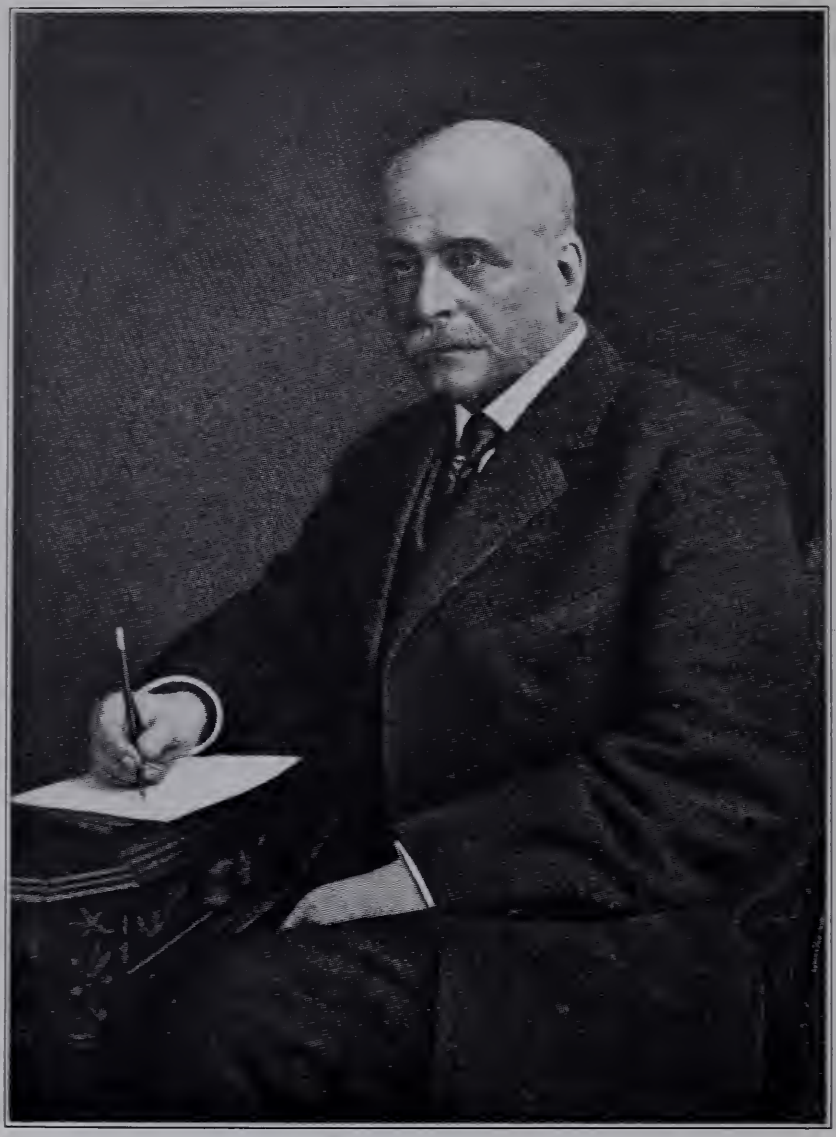


Albert F. Sherwood

FOREWORD

Having had the good fortune to be born in Derby, and to live there 55 years before moving to Waterbury 25 years ago, it is not surprising that I acquired, and still cherish, a great love for the old town.

Having been endowed with a memory that absorbs and clings, I began, after leaving the town, to write articles for the Sentinel, reminiscent of my youth and middle age. This writing I have continued at frequent intervals during 20 years. My old time friends tell me they enjoy these articles and beg for more, and at the request of Sarah Riggs Humphreys Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, I have consented to the publication of the articles in book form.

During 45 years of my life I was a sharp observer of most of the happenings in the town, which then included Ansonia, and these happenings were so impressed upon my brain that they seem capable of being reproduced by a sort of phonographic process, I "speak what I do know and testify what I have seen."

I have also searched records and its early history and traditions and have written much in regard to the period of its history before my time. In my younger days in frequent conversation with old residents, I gathered information of events within their memory and also traditions of things further back. Traditions received in that way are mostly reliable and I remember them all.

I love the soil of my native town. I have plowed many acres of it, and crawled on hands and knees in the weeding process over 10 acres of garden during a long term of years.

From the old farm house on historic Sentinel Hill we had a view of nearly the whole circle of the horizon.

Great Hill on the north, White Hills at the west, the Housatonic on the south, like a ribbon of silver winding its way to the Sound, an extended view of the Sound with Long Island beyond, the bluest of skies overhead, the whole forming a panoramic amphitheater of beauty and perpetual joy. I left it a quarter of a century ago.

A goodly sized tree may be removed from where it first sprouted and replanted in another place, but it will never be the vigorous plant in its new home that it was in its native hillside. So it is with me, and I take real comfort in the thought that when I leave this world for the great change my mortal remains will return to their original elements within the town where first I saw the light, and where my memory dawned.

If my reminiscences shall assist in preserving in any measure the history of this ancient portion of early Connecticut, I am satisfied.

These writings I dedicate to the memory of my dear father and mother, and all the friends of my early life, and particularly to the members of Sarah Riggs Humphreys Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

Albert F. Sherwood.

HISTORIC DERBY

While this volume was in process of preparation an article entitled "Historic Derby" was unexpectedly found among some D. A. R. papers belonging to our Chapter. It was written by Jane deForest Shelton in November 1893 for the third meeting of the Sarah Riggs Humphreys chapter. It is thought that it will serve as a fitting introduction to "Memories of Old Derby."

THERE are certain places on the face of this globe that thrill us, thrill us peculiarly, places that we call historic ground, and when one of these places is a battlefield, where strong men surrendered life for a cause or a country, we bow our heads in reverence before the earnest purpose, the manly courage, the self-surrender, and the self-forgetting, that seem to speak to us from the very soil and turf, and the sky and breezes over them.

But is not all ground historic? Were there not battles fought of which the records are silent? Did not the stout-hearted pioneer have a hard struggle with the forces of nature, the giant trees of the primeval forest, the walls of rock and stone, and did he not have to prepare for, and weather out, the siege of a long winter cut off from succor and supplies? With true courage he made his way through the unbroken wilderness; with a fearless heart he pitched his tent near the uncertain red man; with skill and strategy he sought to rid the land of bears and wolves and foxes; and with entire devotion he set out to conquer the barren soil and gain its increase, to win for himself and for us, a home and a country.

If we could look backward across three centuries we would see, not the white man, but the red, in possession. We can imagine the sturdy Brave looking out from Sentinel Hill down the blue winding Housatonic, ever alert for friend or foe. And we can fancy a line of canoes silently rounding

the Point of Rocks in the shimmering moonlight and melting into the shadows cast by our bold hills.

The first record of the white man in old Derby is in 1642 when Mr. John Wakeman of New Haven established a trading-post on the point of land that we call Birmingham. Both Stratford and Milford were settled in 1639 and the river showed an open pathway to this unknown region. The Indian knew the value of the white man's commodities, and it was hoped to attract to this mercantile enterprize, even those of the Mohawk Valley.

But it was not until 1654 that a real settlement was attempted. Then two families from Milford, that of Edward Riggs who settled on the hill, and Edward Wooster nearer the river, made the beginning of what we call "Old Derby". Others soon followed and land was bought piece by piece from the Indian, he with his own idea of bills of sale frequently selling the same acres several times over, and to different persons. Derby's limit was finally reached, extending from Two-Mile Island for twelve miles along the Housatonic's windings, and reaching at the northern boundary where it joined Woodbury and Waterbury seven or eight miles in width.

Of those beginners, Riggs and Wooster, we may well question, "What led them here?" "Who told them that the best land lay on the hill-tops?" There was no path save the almost invisible Indian trail through the forest. These hills so familiar to us with their green fields neatly outlined by mossy stone walls and picturesque zigzag fences, dotted with pleasant homes, with clusters of apple trees, and sprouting cedars, were not green fields then. Tradition tells us the virgin forest came down to the river's brink, and a man must have had a special instinct, almost the power of the divining-rod, to know where to set his foundation with advantage. But the men of that day were men *for* that day.

Daunted by nothing they came, and saw, and conquered; rock and tree, and soil became their vassals, and the wily Indian stepped backward and backward into the wilderness before the superior nature. And the hillsides, so long covered with towering trees, showed their faces, and the trail of the wild Indian gave place to the road of the civilized man, rough, as was that life, were the roads, but they led from house to house, from hill-top to hill-top, out from the little settlement of half-a-dozen houses to the town and sea-port of New Haven—out to the world.

That the Riggs house was fortified as a refuge for the infant colony in case of trouble with the Indians, and that it sheltered Goffe and Whalley during some of their days in trouble, we know. It was the earliest stronghold of the white man here, and that both those early houses were the birthplaces of heroes, and parents of heroes, we who know our records do not doubt. And of most of the old Derby houses the same can be said. The oppression of the Stamp Act stirred the hearts that longed for freedom, and the echo of Lexington's cannon set many faces forward on that rapid march to Massachusetts.

The colonial wars had not been unheeded. David Wooster won great honor at Louisburg, and many of Derby's brave sons gave their lives "in the King's service", but the struggle pro patria, for home and country, swept the men in numbers into line. From Private to General in rank, some to serve as needed, some for the entire war, on sea and land, they fought for freedom, giving their strength, their substance, their lives; and the great honor, one of the greatest that could be bestowed—it pleased the Father of his Country to grant to one of *our* sons, Colonel David Humphreys, when, on that surrender at Yorktown that brought the long war to an end, and secured to us our country,—he was chosen to bear to Congress the British standards in the name of

the Commander-in-Chief, and commended to their especial consideration. We cannot doubt that many Derby hearts swelled with pride at these good tidings, but that of Lady Humphreys must have thrilled beyond all others.

Derby itself heard but the echoes of war. When Governor Tryon made his raid on our coast and burned Norwalk, and Danbury and Fairfield, Derby was not without sorrow nor without fear. General Wooster, and others of her brave sons, came not back,—and the watchmen were at their posts on Sentinel Hill, and the beacon-fires ready to light in warning, in case the enemy appeared on the river. And when New Haven was plundered the Derby company was in the front rank of danger. Derby vessels cruised about the sound to the great annoyance of the British boats that were foraging for horses and cattle and provisions, and frequently secured prizes, and the old records show the sons of the little town scattered throughout the country where there was need of men of valor.

A peculiar excitement must have reigned when a part of LaFayette's army encamped on our hill-top, and then made their way down Kankwood Hill, over old town bridge, along the meadow road, and across by ferry to Huntington landing, and then after the officers had been hospitably entertained at Daniel Bennet's, going up the river across to Newtown, and on to join Washington at West Point. In these later years the surveyors for our Extension Railroad have discovered the remains of the military road made for the transportation of the French artillery, and a Spanish medal with the head of Queen Isabella on it, was recently found in the region, doubtless lost by some of that troop.

I think we all know the story of Pork Hollow; and there are swords, and commissions, and flint locks in various houses that weighed on the side of freedom. And there are records on the stones in the old burying places, and traditions

in the memories of revered parents and kindred that lend their testimony. Connecticut has a noble war record and in it Derby holds an honorable place. Her men were ever in the ranks, and she bore her full share in supplies of food and clothing and money.

In about one hundred years from the establishment of Wakeman's lonely trading-post, Derby had become a place of much importance. Her ships sailed on every sea and entered every port. This was the outlet for the back country even as far as Litchfield, and while Derby ships took the products of our farms and fields and forests to foreign parts they brought back the gifts of other lands and the ambitious housewives sent to China for their tea-sets and their crepe dresses. For a time the foreign trade of Derby excelled that of New Haven. But the opening of the turnpikes from here and from Humphreysville to New Haven turned the tide of export about the beginning of this century. Then the town set her face westward, sending of her forces to lay out the course of empire, many of those in whom the pioneer spirit burned clearly setting out to conquer new lands as their fathers had the old. The city of Buffalo in its infancy received a strong impetus of growth from a group of people who went thither from old Derby, and Ohio owes a debt to Connecticut in which we have a share, and when one goes farther west, and the man from beyond the Mississippi records his father from Ohio, or western New York, and his grandfather from New England, then we know that the watch-fires are alive for distant kindred and traditional associations, and we long to feed them with our treasured records, the history of old Derby.

JANE DEFOREST SHELTON,

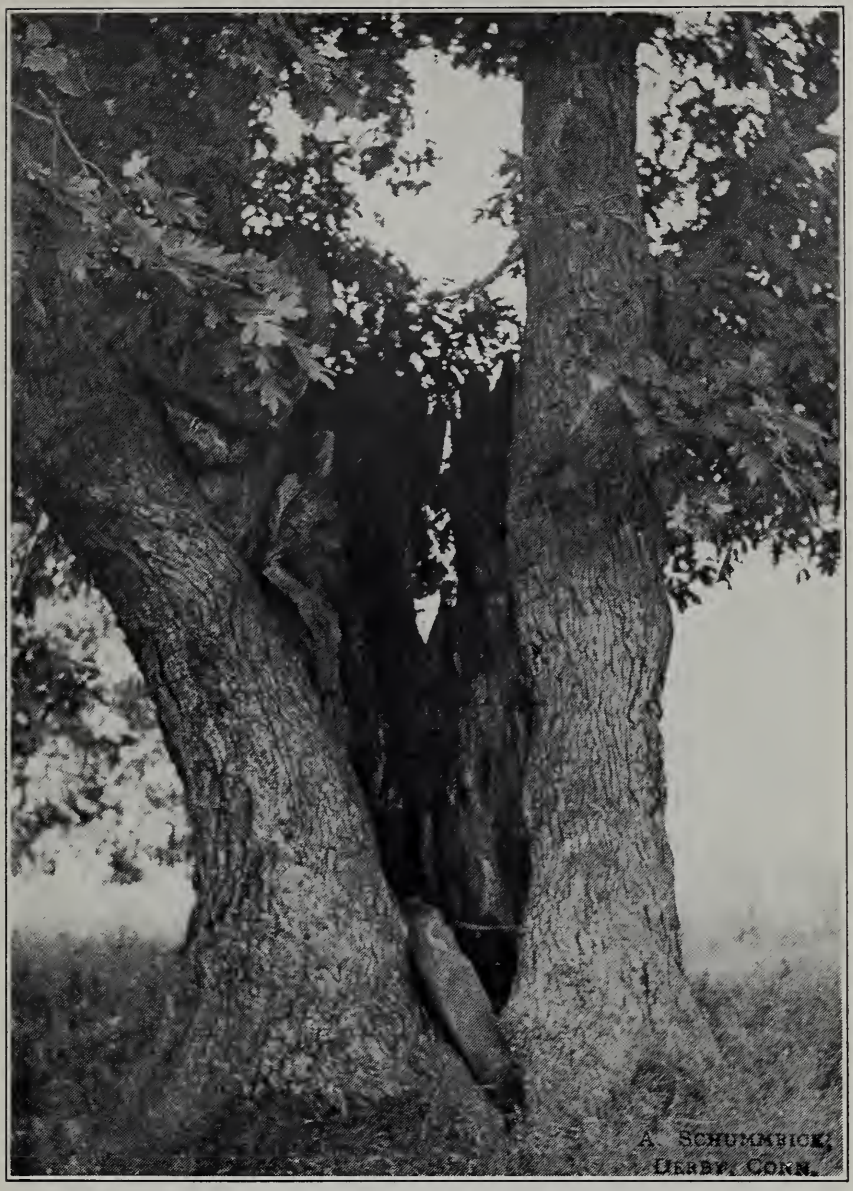
November 27th 1893

HISTORIC TREES OF OLD DERBY

No. I.

THE word historic, as applied to a tree, usually connects it with some important fact in the history of the country. The famous Charter Oak at Hartford, the Old Washington Elm on Cambridge common, the Apple tree at Appomattox are instances. It is not, however, necessary that a tree be nationally historic. It may be historic as relates to an individual or a limited locality.

But, I have in mind certain trees in Derby, which, so far as the town is concerned, have become historic. First, and the "noblest Roman of them all," is the old hollow oak which stands at the southerly end of the Colonial cemetery. Probably it is the oldest tree in Derby. Oak trees are said to live from 200 to 1,000 years. I have it from my father that this tree was hollow trunked about 90 years ago, and there is no doubt in my mind that it stood there, as a tree, before a white man's foot had ever trod Connecticut. That when Wooster, Riggs, French, Gunn and Langdon arrived in this region, "the Lord haveing By his Providence called a company of his Pore Servants into this cornor of The wildarnes," it had been for years putting forth its leaves in the springtime, casting its dense shade upon that stérile knoll during the summer, shedding its foliage in the autumn, and, with bare arms, braving the winds and snows of winter. The sun's rays glistened, then as now, in reflection from the varnished green of its leaves under the hill, the same river rippled over its pebbles, its waters pure and limpid, innocent of the present day abominations, and from the site of this tree the aborigine saw only a trackless wilderness of forest and glade. The birds sang then in its branches as sweetly



Old Oak Tree in Up-Town Burying Ground

as now and doubtless the red deer often rested under the shadow of this oak to be frightened away by the stealthy red man and, it may be, to fall pierced by his arrow.

Just how this particular piece of ground came to be selected by the settlers as a common burial place will never be known. It may have been because according to the rigidly economical ideas of those days, it was good for nothing else.

I have searched the early records in vain for any allusion to this burying ground. I cannot find a date upon a head-stone going back of 1700, but certain it is that there were deaths, as I find nineteen recorded before 1700. It is just as certain that these were buried. It is also recorded that in 1683, "George Beaman was chosen grave digger."

If any other plot than this had been used as an earlier place of sepulture, it is almost certain that the knowledge of the locality would, at least by tradition, have survived, so we may safely assume that the first who died in "Paugassett," was buried here. Who it was can never be known.

The first recorded death is that of Robert Hawkins, in July, 1675. Whether it was he or someone else who was first laid to rest here, doubtless that first funeral held away back some two hundred and twenty-five years ago was attended by as sincere grief upon the part of surviving friends as is any funeral to-day.

During all these years this oak tree has been a silent witness to the depositing of every inmate of this cemetery. If it could speak, what a story it might relate. It could tell of Col. Ebenezer Johnson, the foremost man in the town government and in the church, occupying the first seat therein; the Riggs family in several generations; the Hulls, ancestors of Gen. William and Commodore Isaac. It could tell of three noted ministers of the First church, Rev. Joseph Moss, "Ye faithful and affectionate pastor of ye flock in this town, twenty-five years;" of Rev. Daniel Humphreys,

"for more than half a century he was the established minister of the First Society in this town;" Mrs. Sarah Riggs Humphreys, "the affectionate wife of his youth and the tender companion of his advanced age,"—she whose name the local chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution has adopted and who is still alluded to by the distinguishing title which she bore in life, "The Lady Humphreys;" the Rev. Zephaniah Swift, whose "Godly walk and conversation," throughout the thirty-five years of his pastorate, are remembered to this day after the lapse of nearly sixty years.

The united terms of service of these three ministers cover a period of one hundred and fourteen years. They must have officiated at the burials of hundreds of those lying here, and through all the years, for every sad procession which has slowly wound its way to an open grave in this "God's acre" to deposit the remains of a loved one, this old tree has sighed a requiem. There is nothing in the whole town of Derby which may be classed as being more completely historic than this ancient tree.

In the early days a burying ground was simply that and nothing more—a place to be visited for funerals and to be shunned in the intervals between. The idea of making it attractive, so that it should appeal to the sense of beauty and symmetry, a place to be sought rather than avoided, had never "entered into the heart of man to conceive," and this old plot was no exception.

In my early school days an old fence ran along the easterly side, the rest was open common, extending over the hill to the river. The grass was never mown and the old graves were covered by a perfect tangle of brier and weed. The stones were leaning, many lay flat. We ran, barefooted, down through it on our way from the old school house to the swimming hole, using it for a short cut, not daring to linger, filled with the traditional fear of "ghosts."

Some thirty years ago it was enlarged by the purchase of the land which now constitutes the northerly end, and the whole was enclosed by a fence, the money for these purposes having been raised by private subscription. The briers, however, were never eradicated, nor were the prone slabs set up.

About 1896 the fence had become dilapidated and the grounds were a scratching place for fowls and a pasture for goats. Then it was that Sarah Riggs Humphreys Chapter, D. A. R., arose to the occasion and by a wonderful display of exertion and ability, raised and expended more than twelve hundred dollars in renovating this burial place of Founders and Patriots.

The headstones were set in order, the brambles removed and grass sown until the whole lot seemed to break forth in beauty and the old burying ground was transformed from a scene of desolation into what we see it to-day.

It is a far cry from the wilderness as Wooster and Riggs found it, peopled " with savage beasts and still more savage men," up through the more than two and a quarter centuries with their evolution of civilization to the present day; from the signal fires carrying messages from hilltop to hilltop up to the daily newspaper, the telegraph and telephone; from the bridle path through the forest to the steam and electric railway; from the saddle and pillion to the palace and trolley car and the automobile, and yet without a doubt this tree is the only living thing in this region which has maintained its life through all this growth and change.

Reader, on some pleasant afternoon, visit this ancient burial place; carry along your copy of Bryant; stand under the gnarled branches of this venerable tree, and with uncovered head, as becomes the young when in the presence of the aged, read or recite "Thanatopsis."

You will find that you never before so fully appreciated that immortal poem. Then and there resolve to exercise

the same devotion to duty and the same ambition and resolution to accomplish the right "as God gives you to see the right," which characterized those sturdy men and women who founded our beloved town. Do this and you cannot but go away a better man or woman for so doing.

The Home of the Reverend Daniel Humphreys
Birthplace of David Humphreys

HISTORIC TREES OF OLD DERBY

No. II

THE elm trees, still standing in front of the old Humphreys house, opposite the Episcopal cemetery on Elm street, Ansonia, are also historic trees, and, although now in Ansonia by legislative enactment, their history is a part of the history of Derby. The house, the frontage of which they shade, was bought by the Rev. Daniel Humphreys somewhere about 1735. He, with his wife, the refined and elegant "Lady" Humphreys, lived in it for nearly fifty years, and it is almost certain that he planted these trees. Here their children were born and raised, including their noted son, afterward General David Humphreys. He was one of the three most noted historic characters ever born in Derby—the other two being General William and Commodore Isaac Hull. As aide-de-camp to General Washington, minister to Portugal, minister to Spain, as poet and author and as a noted manufacturer of fine woolens, he helped to form not only Derby history, but the history of the country. No doubt he often sat under the shade of these trees, and, as a boy, perhaps, climbed among their branches. A great deal of intensely interesting history clusters about these trees.

The Rev. Daniel Humphreys was pastor of the Puritan church, or "church of Christ in Derby," for fifty-four years; from 1733 till his death in 1787, He was contemporary with Rev. Richard Mansfield, D.D., rector of the then Church of England in Derby, for nearly forty years. A great gulf existed, at that time, between the two denominations, and we can imagine that when John Holbrook, son of Abel Holbrook, a deacon of the Puritan church, became an Episcopalian, and also deeded a part of his own homestead

as a site for a church for that denomination, the land surrounding the church to be used as a burying ground, with this land and church located exactly opposite the house of the Puritan minister, that it did not tend to narrow this gulf. Yet it is a fact that the church was built, and used for worship according to the rites of the Church of England all through Mr. Humphreys' ministry, and, whatever may have been the state of feeling between the two denominations, yet history relates that Elijah, the son of the Puritan minister, married Anna, the rector's daughter.

We can easily imagine that serious difficulties stood in the way of this union; but whatever they may have been, they were certainly overcome, "and these were wed."

It would be interesting to know which of the pastors performed the ceremony, but this I am unable to state. Children were born, and it is a somewhat remarkable fact, which we learn from the baptismal records left by the Rev. Humphreys, that he baptized them all. It is equally remarkable and interesting to note, that notwithstanding the belief which both the reverend grandparents must have held respecting the terrible fate of infants who died unbaptized, three of these children remained in that condition until they were respectively two, four and six years of age. It seems almost impossible of credence, in the light of what we know of the strong convictions of those days, that these two ministers should have allowed their grandchildren to remain in this dangerous situation, with its tremendous risk and possibilities, so many years, unless it was that there was disagreement as to which of them should perform the ceremony.

Doubtless there were serious conferences upon this all important subject, each grandparent, and probably each parent, desiring that this sacrament should be administered in accordance with the rites of his own church, until finally,

the Rev. Daniel, having the consent of the father, his own son and the head of the family, deciding to administer the law and the sacrament at the same time, baptized the three children on the same day, Anna, Sally and Elijah, these being all that were then existing. He afterward also baptized the others as they came along: Betsy, aged four weeks, and Daniel, when eight weeks old.

There was another subject on which these families were more widely separated. Doctor Mansfield, when he took his ordination vows under the hands of England's Primate, received also with his priestly functions a great respect for England's temporal power—so much so that when the Revolution broke out he found it impossible to separate church and state, and, espousing the English cause, became thereby a Tory. On the contrary, the Humphreys were enthusiastic "rebels."

David and Elijah, sons of the Puritan dominie, went off to the war, David becoming colonel and Elijah major; and while David was suffering with Washington at Valley Forge, and Elijah having horses shot under him in the great struggle for the liberties which we now enjoy, the rector—conscientiously, no doubt—was preaching sermons from texts such as: "Fear God: honor the king," "The powers that be are ordained of God."

Derby was so eminently loyal to the patriot cause that, during the war, the good rector fell into disrepute, and some of his parishioners went back to the old church; but after its close his toryism was evidently forgotten, or at least forgiven, for he lived nearly forty years thereafter, commanding, by his sincere piety and gentle demeanor, the respect and reverence of this whole community, and to this day his memory is greener and his name more often mentioned than that of any other rector of either St. James's church, of Derby, or Christ church, Ansonia.

I knew two of these children of Elijah and Anna Mansfield Humphreys, viz.: Sally, widow of Judge Austin, and Betsy, widow of Capt. Thomas Vose. They were very old when I was a boy. They died respectively in 1864 and 1865. They were dear, delightful old ladies, and, although residing in and owning the old homestead of their grandfather Humphreys, the Puritan divine, were most devout adherents of the Episcopal church. Knowing as I did their ancestry to have been equally divided as to denominational faith, I have often wondered why this was so; but after a little investigation of records the solution is clear. Had Elijah Humphreys, the father, lived they would doubtless all have grown up strict Congregationalists. He died at thirty-nine years of age, the children then being, the oldest ten, the youngest one year old, the mother twenty-nine.

She, of course, would and did bring up her children after the manner of the church of her father, and, once under the wing of Mansfield he, who although reared a Congregationalist, had braved the wrath of his own kindred and the storms of the Atlantic that he might receive ordination at the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury into the church of his adoption, it is safe to assume that from that hour the religious influence of the paternal grandfather, he whose ministerial ordination was considered by the other as not being genuine, was of no account so far as these children were concerned.

Two years after Elijah's death the venerable Daniel also died, aged 81, and all this fully explains why these old ladies were such strong Episcopalians almost to the border of intolerance, and also tells why the old parsonage was in its latter days owned by those of a different faith than that of its occupants during its former history.

The two religious denominations represented in these old families were a good way apart in that long ago. Since

that time both have broadened out until their edges almost touch, and each willingly accords the other the right to exist. They are slowly approaching a condition of true Christian unity. This does not necessarily mean an organic union of denomination. Each may keep its faith and work, but the day must come when each may look the other in the face and frankly acknowledge the validity of authority under which it works. It is too late in the economy of progress for any one sect to continue to claim all right of succession and authority. "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." These old trees have acknowledged this fact long ago. Their influence was just as benign, their shade just as refreshing to the later residents of the old mansion as it had been to the former.

As administrator of the estate of Thomas Vose Sherwood, a great-grandson of Doctor Mansfield and the last to inherit from the old stock, I signed and executed the title deed which conveyed this property into the possession of strangers after it had been owned and occupied by these aristocratic old time families and their descendants for one hundred and fifty years. These old trees which stand to-day, a link between the present and the past, saw—as trees may be said to see—all this interesting intermingling and assimilation of these two families, and have also witnessed the gradual filling up of the cemetery opposite from the time its first inmate was laid away until now, and are truly historic trees.

The godly Mansfield, after his rectorate of seventy-two years, a record unparalleled, together with the wife of his youth, rests here; his daughter, Anna, widow of Elijah Humphreys, who lived fifty-six years after the death of her husband and whose gravestone bears this unique and all sufficient inscription, "If primitive faith, exemplary piety and Charity to the Poor could have prevented, she had not died," also awaits here the final summons; likewise two of

her children, Sally (Mrs. Austin) and Betsy (Mrs. Vose), those whom I remember in life, and the last two to be here laid with their maternal ancestors, all of them almost within the shadows of these old trees, the branches of which, during their lifetime, waved over them protectingly, and are still extended more than half a century after their death, as if in benediction over their graves.

Albert F. Sherwood.

HISTORIC TREES OF OLD DERBY

No. III

HERETOFORE I have written of living trees. I have now in mind several trees which though they have years ago yielded to the axe, are still entitled to be recorded as historic.

In writing of a tree it is necessary to mention its environment, and to connect it with whatever has occurred in its immediate neighborhood in order to fasten upon it a historic value. Except for the charter having been hidden in its hollow trunk, we should never have heard of the famous oak at Hartford. Had not Washington first drawn his sword as commander-in-chief of the American army under the elm on the Commons at Cambridge, that tree would never have had mention. Who would have known of the noted apple tree except for the fact that under or near it Grant and Lee arranged the memorable capitulation which ended the great Civil war? The same statement may apply to the cherry tree which the truthful George mutilated, and, perhaps also to the tree the fruit of which Mother Eve purloined and gave to her graceless husband.

Another large and very old elm stood in front of the Leman Stone "castle" in Derby narrows. This castle was, for its day and time, a wonderful building. It was erected about 1785 by Leman Stone, who was for years one of the most prominent men in Derby, for a storehouse; its western end overhanging the river and dock, which dock formed also its foundation. This storehouse was for many years the shipping and unloading point for vessels engaged in the West India trade, in which trade the port of Derby furnished, previous to about 1800, more tonnage than did New Haven.

The celebrated Derby Fishing company was then the owner of many vessels, mostly sloops of eighty to one hundred tons, which crossed the ocean to Spanish and Mediterranean ports, as well as to the islands of the Caribbean, taking out cargoes of salted fish and bringing home the products of those countries, and in those days this company, with a capital of less than $100,000, was as large, comparatively, and as important as is one of the great steamship companies of the present day. All this is a matter of history. The old building, and the old tree in front of it, stood until near the latter part of the last century.

When the Naugatuck railroad was built, this tree was spared and, for about forty years thereafter, stood so near the track that a passenger might almost touch it with the hand from the car window. It must have been as old as the settlement of Derby Landing, and, doubtless great for those days, business ventures and contracts were formulated and concluded under its shade.

Away back of railroad days this was a busy locality. There were docks from this storehouse northerly along the Naugatuck river nearly up to where is now the new bridge. Miss Rachel Smith, a lifelong resident, at nearly ninety years of age, stood with me on the railroad track a little north of this tree, somewhere about 1880, about one hundred years after this storehouse was built, and pointed out the location of the various docks, naming their owners. She also said that she remembered distinctly seeing, when a little girl, hogsheads of sugar, molasses and rum on these little docks, and wagons loading to carry them up through the country, this being, then, the nearest point to which goods could be brought by water for distribution and supply in northern and western Connecticut.

I myself can remember when as a very little boy, riding on the front seat of the wagon with my father on the way

home from church down the front street, seeing piles of stones along the green grass by the river brink and hearing him say they were for the building of a railroad. There were then remains of these docks all along the river, but the wall of the railroad covered them and rooted out the logs, excepting one dock which was nearly opposite the Zenas Platt property. It may be that some of that dock remains, but I am not sure. After the turnpike to New Haven was built, about 1800, the up country trade was largely diverted to that city. The great fishing company became bankrupt, many of its vessels having been confiscated by order of Napoleon, who, then in the height of his power, did things regardless of international law or custom, and, although the French government afterwards paid over to the United States government in settlement of claims for these high-handed operations something like two millions of dollars, yet the money remains, or nearly all of it, in the treasury of the United States to-day, which fact is a monumental disgrace and a commentary upon the injustice and tardiness displayed by governments in the settlement of individual claims.

After the coasting trade went down, Mr. Stone turned his attention to the growing of garden seeds, using the land of the John B. Davis farm, now owned by Mr. Henry Bradley, and at one time the narrow strip between Derby avenue and the bank overlooking the Naugatuck river, from where is now the residence of Mrs. C. H. Pinney, up to and above the First church parsonage, was used by him as a seed garden. That was the nucleus of all the garden seed growing in New Haven county. Mr. Stone was the pioneer. Benjamin Hodge and Oliver B. Sherwood—the latter my honored father—commenced the same business with Mr. Stone and each carried it on for many years after his death.

The Stone family is nearly extinct. I remember when

Mrs. Ellen Stone, the estimable and refined daughter of Leman Stone, lived (a widow) in the castle, her children then grown up and also living with her.

The old castle was sold, fitted up as a mill and operated for a few years, after which it stood vacant, the abode of rats and a lodging place for the genus tramp, its giant frame still withstanding ice gorges and storms, until the tooth of time had made inroads to the extent that it was torn down some years ago, its massive timbers as sound as the day they were hewn from the original forest. The old elm tree had been removed a short time before, yielding to the march of railroad improvements, and, but for history and the memory of an ever diminishing few, it would never be known that building or tree had existed.

This was an important part of early Derby. There are but few landmarks left. The old Smith house was one of them. It stood only a short distance from the site of the castle and tree, tenantless in dilapidation. It was to the newcomer but an old rookery falling into decay. Few are living who remember it as the abode of one of the most aristocratic families of the town, that of Abijah Smith, the father of Sheldon Smith, the founder of Birmingham, and also of Fitch Smith, a very prominent resident of that village during its whole existence under that name.

In my younger days it was occupied by three daughters of Abijah Smith, refined and gentle old ladies, beloved and respected by all, the Misses Rachel and Eliza and Mrs. Lavinia Stoddard. The house was kept in the best of order. Lilacs, roses and syringas in the front yard almost hid from view the lower story. The old-fashioned peonies, tulips, daffodils, jonquils, phlox, grew in the side yard and in the rear, and the garden, which occupied the whole plot where now is the Armour Beef building, and extended also to the original Naugatuck railroad single track, was a delight

to the eyes. These old ladies did their own gardening, their peas were in blossom almost before the neighbors had planted, and it was currently reported as a fact, which I believe, that they thawed the ground with teakettles of hot water so they might plant them in February. Be that as it may, they always picked peas far ahead of any one else in the neighborhood.

They were constant and devout worshippers at St. James's church, and I can still picture them in memory as I often saw them, walking over the causeway toward the church on Sunday mornings, clad in their rich but plain old-fashioned gowns and black velvet capes. I have pleasant memories of conversations held with Miss Rachel, whose was easily the master mind of the three. Her memory of people and doings in old Derby was remarkable and I was always a good listener; and so to me that old house was much more than a mere ruin. Its empty rooms were hallowed by the echoes of one hundred years of domestic life; the weddings, with all their happiness and gaiety; the births with their anticipations of future greatness for each newcomer; the family gatherings at Thanksgiving and at Christmas tide, with all their attendant joys; the deaths and consequent sorrowings; the every day routine happenings incident to the more than a century of occupation by this family. All these were realities to those who have passed on, and were also realities to those still living, who, like myself, knew many of them. The last time I was in the house I attended Miss Rachel's funeral.

All the old ladies have been gone many years and in the process of settlement of their several estates the property was conveyed to strangers.

DERBY'S FIRST CHURCH

THE present First Congregationalist church edifice in Derby was built in 1820. It was the third church building for that denomination in the town. The first was built about 1675, at Squabble Hole, away up north of what is now the northerly limit of the upper reservoir of the Birmingham Water Co. The second, in 1720, on the common near the residence of the late Merritt Clark; and was in use until the present church was built, just one hundred years ago.

This paper has to do with the present one only. The contract was made on July 18, 1820. Truman Gilbert—some of whose descendants attend the church to-day—was the contractor. The specifications were very elaborate and definite, and it is interesting to know that one of the items insisted that "a reasonable quantity of liquor be supplied for the workmen, to be drank in the yard where said work is done." This item did not specify as to whether the contractor or the workmen should be the judge as to what should constitute a "reasonable quantity."

It is a fine proportioned structure, and the spire is said to have been copied from a design by Sir Christopher Wren, a celebrated English architect of the seventeenth century. Be that as it may, it is a beautiful spire, graceful and symmetrical, and has pointed heavenward eighty-five years.

About a dozen sugar maple trees were planted in the grounds surrounding the church, which during my childhood and early manhood were in their luxuriant prime and beauty. Four in front of the horse sheds, three on the southerly side of the lot, one in the center, a row on the street side and three north of the church. When in full leaf their shade was

dense and gave to the churchyard an inviting appearance of coolness. They have been cut down one by one as they died until there are now but three, or perhaps four, of the original trees left.

The Rev. Zephaniah Swift was the first pastor. He had been installed over this church seven years previously, during which years he had officiated in the old church Up Town, and came with his flock to the new church, where he remained until his death in 1848, after having been a faithful shepherd in the new fold twenty-eight years. I, though only six years old then, can distinctly remember him, which fact makes it possible for me to have known personally every pastor of this church since its location here, except Mr. Howell and Mr. Reed, who were colleagues of Mr. Swift during the last few years of his pastorate.

Revs. George Thatcher, Jesse Guernsey, Robert P. Stanton and C. C. Tiffany were, respectively, the pastors during my minority. They were all frequent visitors at my home, and I remember vividly, during Mr. Guernsey's incumbency, when Mr. Thatcher, his immediate predecessor, was, for some reason also in Derby, and they two, both very large men, were seated at the table in our old farm house, eating bread and milk from large bowls with great apparent relish and in enormous quantities, to the great delight of my dear mother, their rotund forms shaking with mirth and jollity; for, notwithstanding that religion was a much more serious and dreadful matter in those days than now, they were both of jovial and happy temperament, in decided contrast with the average minister of that era.

The Sunday-school then was an entirely different proposition from that of the present day. We had no specially prepared lesson papers but studied from the Bible and, largely, from the Old Testament. The God of those days, if I may so express it, was revengeful, vindictive, demanded

implicit obedience under penalty of terrible punishment. The God of mercy and of love was not much in evidence. We hear, now, less of punishment, more of reward; less of doctrine and dogma, more of right living. I remember we had one teacher who seemed delighted to dwell upon the stories of how God ordered the Israelites to slay the Amalekites for something which their ancestors had done four hundred years previously; or how the earth opened her mouth and swallowed up Korah, Dathan and Abiram with their wives and children; or how the people stoned Achan, his sons and his daughters till they were dead; or how the bears tore in pieces forty and two children for calling Elisha "bald-head." We took it for granted that all these got simply what they deserved and should have received it thankfully.

There were other Old Testament stories that interested me in a different way. It seemed such a beautiful and bountiful act for Joseph to store up the corn during the plenteous years to feed the people through the years of famine, although I look upon it to-day as a sort of Standard Oil venture, using advance information and capital to corner the grain market so that when the famine was over Joseph, as agent of the king, owned the whole land of Egypt, and was receiving twenty per cent. in rental. Nevertheless, his treatment of his brethren was pathetic and forgiving, and it did then and does now appeal to me.

Then there was little Moses in the bulrush ark, and the boy Samuel in the temple of the Lord; they were both very real to me, although, unlike most good children of the stories of my younger days, neither of them died young. They did not interest me so much after they were grown up, but as children I loved them.

Samson was one of my heroes. We had an illustrated Bible, the pictures drawn without reference to rules of

perspective, and the representations of this strong man lugging off the immense gates of Gaza, and pulling down the great temple of Dagon, were an inspiration. Goliath was my especial admiration, and the woodcut of this mighty armored Philistine standing between the two armies, his immense proportions taller than the trees and reaching half way to the clouds, was very satisfying.

Daniel in the lions' den, as unconcerned as though the great beasts were kittens, was a pretty good picture, although I often saw it in reality in after years, in the cages of menageries which came to show in Derby.

Jonah, who went to sea in a whale and who came on shore again without ceremony, by ejection, not waiting for harbor or wharf, was a corker, though he himself did not stay corked.

The representation of Nebuchadnezzar eating grass, a cow and sheep in the same picture lying down, having satisfied their appetites, the old king still evidently hungry, excited my mirth; but the most interesting of all were Shadrack, Meshak and Abednego, those three salamanderial individuals who could stand and walk through a burning fiery furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be, and emerge minus even the smell of smoke.

In the light of the preaching of those days, when the minister so often gave us hell, which I believed in literally as a place like this fiery furnace, I used to wish I knew just what these fellows wore to keep off the heat, as I very much feared it would be my luck to need it.

My first experience at a Sunday-school picnic was in this church yard under the beautiful maples, more than fifty years ago. It was a union of the First church school with the Birmingham—now the Second—Congregational, and I believe also, the Methodist schools. A visiting school came from Bridgeport. There was a brass band, but I cannot tell

whether it was a product of Derby or Bridgeport. We formed in grand procession at the church green, marched to the depot to meet the visitors, and with flying banners and clamoring bands, escorted them down the front street, rounded the old tavern, up the back street and Derby avenue to the old town well, counter-marched and went back to the church yard. Oh, that brass band! There was never such a band before or since. Gilmore and Sousa appeared on earth afterward with their feeble efforts. I heard them both and enjoyed them, but they were as nothing compared with this, my first brass band.

Seats and tables had been prepared and we were filled from baskets with good things to eat and from washtubs with lemonade, to furnish water for which the Gates well was pumped nearly dry. A raised platform had been built from whence we were told stories of phenomenally good children, much better ones than we had ever known. We sang

"There is a happy land
Far, far away."

and many other songs and hymns. We escorted the visitors back to the station, and, while waiting for the train we boys were only prevented by the teachers from having a general fight when the Bridgeporters called us "countrymen." And so the day—all too short—closed, and we went home tired and happy. I don't know who originated this picnic, but it stands out in my memory to-day far and away above and beyond any Sunday-school picnic of my life, and I have been present at a good many.

Impressions received in childhood are the strongest and most lasting. To illustrate, let me relate here a story told to me by the late Charles Durand, of Ansonia. The events related by Mr. Durand occurred in this same church yard

before I was born. My father, Oliver B. Sherwood, was captain of the local company of militia, about 1825. They held one day of regimental training in each year in New Haven. The individual companies also met one or two days in each year for company drill at their home towns, and the Derby company trained on the church green. The officers only wore uniforms, which were resplendent in gold lace and included a cocked hat and plume. Mr. Durand said:

"I was a very little boy and was always allowed to go to the training. I had never seen a captain before and your father, as I remember him now, seemed to be ten feet high and the plume on his hat to be at least three feet higher, and arrayed in sash and golden epaulets, with drawn sword in hand, he presented to me the appearance of a veritable Goliath. I kept as closely as possible to him all day, that I might enjoy to the full his mighty and magnificent proportions. Since that time I have seen the most noted generals of our own country and also crowned heads and noted military commanders of Europe, but I have never, in all my life of more than seventy-five years, seen any that seemed one tithe as grand or mighty as did Captain Oliver Sherwood on Derby Church Green, on that memorable day some seventy years ago."

Any of us who are past middle age can appreciate Mr. Durand's story by our own experience and memory of the events of our childhood.

This is not intended to be in any sense a history of the old Derby church, but simply a record of my child recollections of the same with the beautiful trees shading its picturesque yard. Many a Sunday, between morning and afternoon services, have I sat and swung upon its chain fence under the shade of these maples, listening to the songs of robins and orioles, the noonday sun piercing the tiny openings through the dense shade and glinting upon the grass with

the effect of producing many shades of green, and I envied the birds in that they were not limited to a stingy half hour of bliss and were not obliged to attend the afternoon service with its long, and to me dull, sermon, but could worship God from the swinging limb warbling their own songs of praise without hymn book or precentor, not smothered in a stuffy church, but in full view and enjoyment of all the beauty that was in the earth and the splendor that was in the sky.

Oh, those childhood days! We thought then how happy we should be when we were grown and could do as we listed, little knowing, what we all know later in life, that the child days are the only really happy ones; innocent, frank, free from care or responsibility, our sorrows but light and temporary. The whole world before us and life stretching out in imagination to the far horizon. The years seem all too short until we are twenty; they hurry faster then; we reach thirty in a little while; forty follows quickly; fifty just behind it; sixty comes with a rush, and we suddenly find ourselves old and wondering where the years have gone so swiftly, and before we realize it here we are on the barren steeps of life, looking back with longing to the lovely vales of our childhood.

As often as I am in Derby on a Sunday, I visit this church and, sitting in a back pew, my mind reverts to the old days. In memory I fill the seats with two or three generations of those whom I remember and who are gone. I do not always listen to the sermon; I am wondering if all those have become a part of the great throng "which no man can number" in a land where "there shall be no night," and where "they need no candle, neither the light of the sun." I confess that I have not the evidence which I could wish on these points, but I try to believe—albeit gropingly—that it is true and that I shall one day meet friends gone before and see not as now "through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

AWAKENED MEMORIES

THE reading in The Sentinel, a few days ago, of the demolishing of the horse sheds of the First Congregational church has started my mind on a reminiscent journey.

I can remember those sheds through a period of seventy years and their going is the passing of another landmark in my life. The present church building was erected in 1820, one hundred years ago. The sheds were built some years later and have stood about eighty years. They were built by private enterprise, a sort of syndicate. The builder was Ager Gilbert and they cost $400. There were ten of them which made the individual cost $40 each.

The owners, commencing at the end nearest the church, were Urbane H. Swift, Linson DeForest, Oliver B. Sherwood (my honored father), Ager Gilbert, Abram N. Prindle, Zenas Alling, (this one afterwards sold to Cyrus Chamberlin); David Bradley, Joseph Clark, (sold by his estate to Albert Treat); Joseph P. Swift and Robert N. Bassett.

The half roof at the back came down to the top of the retaining wall, which formed the rear of the sheds, and the boys, during the short half hour interval between Sunday-school and the afternoon service, took great delight in sliding down this roof, to the detriment of the shingles, and consequent consternation of the shed owners to say nothing of the effect of such sliding on Sunday pants. Of course this sort of recreation was forbidden, but boys, at least those of sixty-five years ago, found more sport in doing the forbidden things, than in those which were unrestricted. Mr. Chamberlin had a horse that had contracted the habit of pulling at the halter, and only those who have seen one of these pullers when he was getting his work, can fully appreciate

the quality of that work. I verily believe that this particular horse would pull a house from its foundation.

Well, one Sunday we happened to be sliding just over this Chamberlin shed, and the old horse set back, and, being hitched by the neck with a big leather strap, strong enough to hang him, and this strap tied to a four by four back timber, he pulled till the timber broke short in the middle, and the sudden release threw the horse backward onto the wagon, breaking shafts and dashboard, resulting in a mixup quite difficult, and probably expensive in its readjustment. I believe this put a stop to the roof sliding. I am sure it did in my case, my father having means of persuasion that were emphatically convincing.

The original owners of these sheds have long since gone the way of all the earth, and only a few of their descendants attend this church. All excepting two of the families lived out of the village, mostly on farms. The farms have changed owners, the new proprietors are of other nationalities and attend other churches or none at all. This fact together with the retiring of the horse in favor of autos and trolleys, rendered the old sheds useless. They have remained, lo these many years, tenantless and nearly roofless, mute reminders of a past generation of those who in their day were honorable, God-fearing factors in all good works in their community and who loved their church and its ordinances, no less than do those who still carry on its functions and ministrations.

To those of us, and the number is few, who knew those sheds in the days of their usefulness, and who also knew the individual members of each and every family in their respective ownership, their removal cannot but cause a momentary feeling of sadness. Old memories are awakened and the church and its membership of half a century ago comes vividly to our minds.

To most of the present congregation they are but so much old lumber that has passed its usefulness, and literally, that is true, but to us older ones they are reminders of a past upon which we love to dwell, and also of a future, not very far distant, when by faith we hope to meet those who have preceded us in mansions immortal, when we too shall have made the great adventure.

MY COLLEGE

I AM sometimes asked the name of my college and my reply is "the district school." The building wherein I passed my first school year was, I feel certain, the first schoolhouse in the Naugatuck valley. It was on Academy hill, built in 1728 and was in use as a town house and schoolhouse until 1848, a period of 120 years.

I do not wish to be understood that I attended this school all that time. I first entered its rough oaken doorway in 1847. The building was, in dimension, about twenty-five by thirty-five feet, with one door and six windows, with hewn beams and wide oak floor boards. There was a bench next the wall which extended around three sides of the one room. In front of this was a rough desk on the same three sides. The larger pupils sat behind this desk, while in front of it was still another low bench for the little ones.

In that schoolhouse I was one of these little ones. In the center of the room was a cast-iron wood stove and near it the teacher's table and chair. There were some forty to fifty pupils, ranging in age from five to sixteen years, and one teacher had charge of all the grades from the alphabet, through spelling, reading and writing to geography, grammar and arithmetic, which latter were then the higher district school studies.

There was an old bell on top of this schoolhouse which for a century had been rung for town meetings. It had also been used during that entire period to call the people on Sunday to their respective houses of worship. There were two churches not far apart and not far from the schoolhouse, and this bell had served at one and the same ringing to call Calvinists to the Puritan church and Anglicans to the

Episcopal church, and to the worship of the one God. The bell, unlike many of the worshippers, harbored no intolerance. At the time I began school these old churches had been replaced with new ones in different localities, each with its own bell and the old original was resting in peace on top of the little schoolhouse, where without rope or ringer it hung on its rusty bearings in the ancient belfry motionless and mute.

For the big boys in the school, however, it still had its uses. They had a way, some two or three of them, of climbing up into the belfry at recess and turning the old bell up, leaving it on a balance. After the school had been called together the wind would start the bell and down it came, swinging and ringing with its old-time peal to the great delight of us little fellows and the consternation of the teacher, and, although this was strictly forbidden under the promised penalty of a thrashing, somehow it would get upturned and while it was ringing the perpetrators wore the most innocent look possible.

This was the last year for the bell and schoolhouse as such. After the summer vacation of 1848, when we came back to school in the fall the old building had been replaced by a new one. It had been removed a short distance away and reconstructed into a dwelling where as such it is still standing.

This old historic bell should have been saved, and today be hanging on the Derby city hall to be rung on patriotic occasions. I have read in some papers that have been published in The Sentinel that it was cracked, but I am a living witness to the fact that its tone was clear and musical to the last.

In passing from this old schoolhouse I will state that Gen. David Humphreys, aide to Gen. Washington, and still later minister to Spain, attended school here, as did also

Commodore Isaac Hull, who later on, became famous as the commander of the "Constitution" in its memorable engagement with the British frigate Guerriere. I consider myself fortunate in that I was born just in time to spend my first school year under its historic rafters. For one hundred and twenty years this rude building did duty as town house and schoolhouse and for more than seventy years since has been occupied as a dwelling. It was the nucleus of the present school systems of four towns in the valley, and standing as it does in this latter day near the scene of its use as an educator, bearing modestly its one hundred and ninety-four years, is entitled to veneration and to be regarded as one of the most interesting reminders of the early settlement of Connecticut.

The new schoolhouse was a modest one-story structure with improved seats and desks, and although far better than the old one would be considered very crude today. With the exception of three winters spent at a somewhat higher grade of semi-private school my entire school-days were passed here. Besides reading, writing and spelling, in all of which we were drilled thoroughly, we had Morse's geography, Greenleaf's arithmetic and Weld's English grammar, and the school course up to sixteen years of age turned out a lot of fairly informed boys and girls.

Discipline was necessary then as now and the rod was used freely. I think, however, the worst punishment I ever received was when I was made to stand in the middle of the schoolroom for an hour wearing one of the girl's gingham sunbonnets, and was then obliged to go and publicly thank her for its use. I would have taken a thrashing without a murmur, but this was heartbreaking with the shame of it, and the taunts of the boys afterward were something which only a fight could extinguish.

Once the teacher caught a couple of us slyly eating an

apple during school hours. She gathered up every apple she could find in school and placed them on her table. I should guess there were a peck. She then called us forward, and ordered us to eat all the apples. It was great fun for a while, but there is a limit even to the enjoyment of munching apples and we were forced to keep on eating until we begged to be let off and were ready to promise anything if only we might stop.

I played truant once. It was Friday afternoon, and when the recall bell rang after recess I decided to stay out and play ball on the school green the rest of the afternoon. When school had closed, teacher as she passed me on her way off the playground gave me a look and a finger point which spoke volumes. The next day was Saturday. I knew what I was up against for Monday morning, and somehow I didn't get much fun out of the holiday. My thoughts were "on the visioned future bent." Sunday I saw the teacher at church, she also saw me, and still wore the same look of ominous portent. On Monday morning after school had assembled and she had read the testament and made a most devout and earnest prayer, I was called up and given the licking of my life. It was administered by the aid of a harness strap on the hand and on other places. It left lively pink lines around my thighs that acted as reminders for several days, but as much as that licking hurt, its physical pain was not to be compared with the mental suffering I had endured that Saturday and Sunday of anticipatory misery. I didn't get any sympathy at home for a flogging at school. On the contrary, my father told me that if I were whipped at school, and he heard of it, I had another one coming at home, and naturally I didn't go to him for sympathy, neither did I bring him the necessary information. I presume, however, that I had some friends busy enough to tell him but I had lickings frequently in those days and

only two or three extra severe ones stand out in relief. Solomon's advice, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was often quoted then and there was never the slightest danger that I should be spoiled through its unheeding.

That old school green stands to-day as it has stood for more than two hundred years, an open common between two highways. Legislative changes of town lines made it necessary that it be abandoned as a school ground. The building was torn down and in its place now stands a large slab of granite with inscriptions commemorative of the town settlement and its first school.

THE OLD TOWN WELL

THE Old Town well at the foot of Academy hill has yielded to the march of modern improvement, and the place which has known it for more than two hundred years, will know it no more.

This well was one of the landmarks of Derby, and, if possible, should have been allowed to remain, like Jacob's well, to quench the thirst of coming generations.

In Volume 11 of Derby land records, we are informed in the handwriting of John James, minister, schoolmaster and "Town Clerke," that "Att a lawful Town Meeting, April 23, 1701, it was voted that Josiah Baldwin have liberty to digge a well on ye Common on ye outside of, but near his"—(torn off, but probably "home lot.")

Also "Att a Town Meeting, Dec. 14, 1702, ffrancis ffrench had liberty granted him to digge a well on ye highway provided he secure it against cattels coming to harm thereby and that ye town cartway be not prejudiced thereby."

It is very difficult, at this day, to determine with accuracy, just which of these wells is the one in question, for undoubtedly it is one of them. In an experience gained during more than fifty years residence in Derby, I know of but one other ancient well in the highway in the old part of the town, and that one is on the upper New Haven road in front of the Nathan Bristol place (now in Ansonia), a little way to the eastward of the top of Kankwood Hill road.

Francis French was one of the earliest four or five settlers, and his first homestead was near the north end of the present upper reservoir of the Birmingham Water Company, near where is now a clump of evergreens. He owned land on Sentinel Hill about his homestead, and also extending down

toward the site of this well, besides his regular allotment of meadow in the "long lot," as it was called in those days, viz., the river bottom land extending from the present mouth of Beaver brook down towards the Narrows, on both sides of what is now Division street.

He died in 1691, leaving a widow and several children. It was one of his sons, Francis, Jr., who received permission "to digge a well on ye highway" in 1702, he being then twenty-five years old.

Josiah Baldwin was a son of one of the early settlers of Milford, and coming to Derby a little later than French, settled also upon the hill in "Squabble Hole." He became a land owner both on the hill and in the valley, but his homestead was, and remained on the hill.

As a result of a considerable time spent in searching the old records, I am of the opinion that Baldwin dug the well on the hill, and that the present town well was "dugge" by Francis French, Jr.

My strongest reason for this decision is based upon a deed recorded in 1702, in which deed, Lydia, the widow of Francis French, senior, together with her son, Francis, sold two acres, more or less, situated opposite the site of this well, with a house thereon, which is described as "our house and homestead, situated by the meadow gate," and is bounded, north with the meadow highway, south with the burying ground, east with the common, and west with the lowland.

The "meadow gate" was where Division street now leaves Derby avenue. The house stood near where James Lodge's house now stands. The meadow highway was the present Division street, and so this two acres was that land now bounded by Division street, Derby Avenue, the Colonial cemetery and land on the west, then owned by Captain

Johnson, and this well is on what was then "the Common," or eastern boundary of that piece of land.

Francis French's first homestead, as stated before, was on the hill. After his death, his widow must have moved down to this house by the "Meadow gate," and after the sale of this lower homestead, they went back on the hill. She died in 1708, and Francis, Jr., lived and died there, as did his descendants for over one hundred years. It being known as "the French place" until purchased by the Water company, within my own recollection.

There is a tradition that the triangle of land, upon one angle of which this well is situated, was at one time enclosed by a fence and occupied by a house which stood about where is now the hydrant. The owner and occupant of this house was Abijah Hawkins.

Somewhere in the first quarter of the last century, he bought the land and house adjoining, now occupied by his granddaughter, Mrs. William Miller, removing the old house and fence, and throwing the land open to commons. This tradition, if the truth, does not prove that the well was ever enclosed, nor that it was not upon the highway or commons when first dug.

It is not necessarily important that we fix, to an absolute certainty, the origin of this well. Whether we do or not, it was, as stated at the outset, one of the landmarks, and as such was associated with almost the entire history of the town, and during all these years, it has served to quench the thirst of man and beast.

Without doubt, it was originally provided with the primitive "Well Sweep" as were all the wells of those days.

It consisted of a stout pole, which about midway of its length, rested upon a crotched post set in the ground, the small end of the pole hanging over the well, to which was attached a smaller pole a little longer than the depth of the

well; on the end of this was fastened the bucket. The large end of the sweep pole was weighted to balance the weight of the full bucket. The drawer of the water let the bucket down by pulling on the small pole hand over hand, and the weighted butt of the larger pole brought it forth again full and dripping.

The sturdy settlers and their descendants, for generations, myriads of whom now sleep their last sleep in the old cemetery hard by, as well as in the one farther away, on what is now Elm street, drew and drank the limpid liquid from its depths. The oaken and "moss covered bucket," laden with its cooling contents, arose responsive to any thirsty one who should invoke the aid of its creaking sweep.

After the first few decades of Derby's history, its business center had removed from "Squabble Hole" on the hill, and was for more than a century in the region of this well, extending from a short distance below its site up to what is now the foot of Kankwood hill. The name "Old Town" is still used to designate this locality.

Here were two churches, the school house and stores, the public sign post, and tradition says that here also were the public whipping post and stocks for the reformation of offenders.

The town meetings were held in this neighborhood, the training also and all public gatherings down to and after the Revolution, and, if the mouth of this old well could have spoken before it was closed forever, what an intensely interesting history it might have given us.

We can easily imagine, and doubtless it is true, that General William and Commodore Isaac Hull and General David Humphreys, notable men, natives of Derby and vicinity, and all of national reputation, often as boys and young men, drank at this well during their frequent goings to and fro.

The students in the academy up the hill and doubtless members of the congregation which attended the old church above including the queenly lady after whom your chapter is named, here cooled their throats after enduring a sermon dry, and perhaps also suggestive of sulphurous burnings, after the manner of those days.

Perhaps water from this well was used to dilute or follow the large amount of New England rum which the records tell us were consumed by those who assisted at the raising of the church and academy when they were built, and also at the annual trainings.

My own recollection of this well does not include the sweep; that having, before my day, given way to the more modern wooden curb with its iron wheel, rope or chain and two buckets; one a pessimist, the other an optimist. The pessimist creaked fretfully, "No matter how full I go up, I always come down empty." The optimist squealed smilingly, "No matter how empty I go down, I always come up full." Both have their prototypes in the human family.

In my school days often have I during the noon hour, in company with Abe and Fod Bristol, Jim and Harve Chaffee, Jay Beach, Jim and Bill Shanley, Dick and Jim Nalley, Smith Chamberlin, George Clark, Sam Moore and many others, taken a pull at one of these buckets on our way to the river for a swim. We ran barefoot across the old burying ground, then fenceless and gateless, its slabs, many of them flat on the ground, its graves a tangle of briers, a scratching place for fowls and a pasture for goats. It was before the advent of the D. A. R. which has since so radically renovated the plot that its inmates, the gathered harvest of more than two hundred years, would not recognize it were Gabriel's trumpet to call them out to-day. It was indeed a desolate and forbidding spot, as were all cemeteries in those days, and we boys did not linger within its spooky confines,

but frightened, fled over its matted vines like phantoms, down across the railroad to the old swimming hole, where we soon forgot everything else in the delights of swim and dive.

No abominations of sewage or acids had then polluted the river, which ran clear and sparkling over its pebbles, and the deep pool where we dived and disported was in its effect cooling and cleansing. Our garments were few. We could undress in a minute and dress in about the same time. Then going up towards the old bridge, wading in the shallows, we caught lampreys, which were plentiful. From thence up the bridge hill, to the well and after another drink from its depths, we ran shouting up to the school house, belaboring each other with the lampreys, and circling round the old playground, filled the air with our happy clamor.

Those were the days free from care, and to which we now look back with longing. Is it any wonder that when I meet one of the rapidly dwindling number of my schoolmates, everything else is forgotten in the delights of recalling school days as again we are boys and live over our boisterous, but harmless doings?

In those days, no hint of impure drainage or science of microbe or bacterium had entered into the mind of man. He drank unreservedly and without misgivings from any well, of its contents, with thankfulness, as coming from the bountiful Giver of all good things, and went on his way, refreshed and satisfied.

As noted at the beginning of this article, in relation to the voted permission for digging this well, one proviso read "ye town cartway be not prejudiced thereby." Whether or not the mover of that motion saw with prophetic vision the modern modes of travel, yet the contingency for which he provided, though two centuries on the way, has arrived, and the widening of "ye town cartway" for the double tracking of the trolley road necessitated the covering up of the well,

and so we bid good bye to the old landmark, which itself had outlived two centuries of humanity.

A few years hence, and no one will remember that it ever existed. The stream at the bottom, with the light of day shut out, will continue to trickle its wandering way through the soil to its outlet, and this matter of two hundred years since it was struck by the digger of the well will remain but an episode in its history.

And so it is with everything in nature. The ages come and go. Generations rise and pass away in one eternal procession. The individual is but an atom, and as such is of little importance, except as he contributes to swell the aggregate. Even landmarks, more enduring than men, and lasting through many generations, nevertheless, fade away, and the structures of to-day are built upon the ruins of yesterday.

As it hath been, even so it shall be until

"The sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold."

HISTORIC TREES OF OLD DERBY

No. IV

THE elm which stood, until a few years ago, in front of "Brownie Castle," the former home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Browne, was a very large and very old tree more than fifty years ago, when I, as a boy, on my way to and from school, so often sat upon the large rock at the foot of its trunk and enjoyed its shade. This tree was, no doubt, about as old as the settlement of the town and the "salt box" house before which it stood is one of the very oldest houses in Connecticut, and that means that it is at least two hundred years old. It is pretty well authenticated by the Derby records that this house stands upon the lot set apart by the settlers for Samuel Bowers. These records mention his house under date of 1692, and without doubt this is that very house as to frame, chimney and floors.

Samuel was the son of Rev. John Bowers, the first minister in Derby. His church stood about half a mile northeast from this house, and the minister's house was probably near the church. It is impossible to locate, to-day, the exact site of either church or parsonage, although tradition places that of the church upon the knoll a little east of the "Pettit place." Samuel married, when 22, Ruth, aged 19, daughter of Edward Wooster, in 1687, and, without doubt, had his house finished in time to receive his bride. Four years later, at 26, he married Lydia, daughter of Francis French. Both Wooster and French were among the first settlers of Derby and very prominent men in the town. Francis French's homestead joined that of Bowers and his house stood about a quarter of a mile from the Bowers house on the way towards the church. A clump of evergreens now

"Brownie Castle"
Built in 1686

stands near its site north of the upper reservoir. This is all we know of Samuel Bowers, except that he was a very noisy man, as we read that on Jan. 9, 1706, the town made a bargain with him that he "beet the drum for 20 shillings till next August." We have no information as to how much the town paid him to stop. He seems to have had a "pull" upon the office of constable, having been elected to that position annually for a good many years.

The present owners are the thirteenth proprietors, it having been deeded several times since it was set off to its original owner. The several owners have been, many of them, important men in the community; among them was Doctor John Durand, the first physician ever in Derby and the ancestor of all the Durands in this vicinity, including the late Charles Durand, of Ansonia, and David, the progenitor of the Derby Neck Durands.

James Baird owned and lived in this house from 1755 to and during the Revolution, and until nearly 1800, forty-two years. His was the longest term of ownership of any of the thirteen proprietors. He was the occupant when, during the Tryon invasion, it is said, this house was used for a while as headquarters, by British officers at the time that military stores and provisions were dumped into Pork Hollow, which is now on Wakelee avenue, to hide them from the invaders. He held high official position; at one time was a member of the state legislature; and in these days it is interesting to learn that he was also a "grafter," a species which seems to have existed in all ages as well as in our own.

In settling with the state for moneys alleged to have been received by him for confiscated estates he turned in a lot of Continental bills which were then of almost no value claiming that they were the identical bills which he had received from the sale of these estates, as to the truth of which statement he was ready to make oath. It was after-

wards found that these bills had been printed after the time at which Baird had stated he had received the money, and that it was a case of "graft" pure and simple. I have no means of knowing how the courts dealt with Mr. Baird, but the church, within one month after the discovery of his crookedness, summarily fired him out neck and heels, rejected him from their "number, fellowship and communion" and "delivered" him "unto Satan." Whether or not his sulphuric majesty accepted the trust and finally dealt with him according to the literal belief of those days, we know not. We know he did not take him at once, as he, the culprit, continued to occupy the old homestead for years after and finally sold it to an Episcopal minister.

This old tree stood on this spot for more than two hundred years, gracefully yielding to the summer breezes and bowing its head before the winter's storms It was a noted landmark and was plainly visible from White Hills, Huntington and Great Hill, Seymour,—the latter originally a part of Derby,—all through the period of ownership of these thirteen proprietors. A few years since the present owner had it cut down, he considering it as being dangerous if left standing longer.

No doubt he was right, but had the present writer been the owner this old tree would have remained as long as a splinter was left pointed upward. And yet I can forgive Mr. Browne inasmuch as he has so tastefully renovated the old house without in the least changing its original form, protecting also the well, the waters of which have quenched the thirst of all the resident families from Bowers to Browne, albeit having drowned a son of Col. David Jackson.

Mr. Browne is not the least important of the important proprietors of this homestead and has become himself a historic character, having been for more than fifty years connected with the oldest bank in Derby as its bookkeeper.

And how much that means—fifty years of long columns; intricate accounts; trial balances, in which the trial was always present while the balance was often very elusive.

The square stone horse-block which stood at its base is still there and was the companion of the tree during all its life. It has been pressed by the feet of many in all these two hundred years. We can imagine the young bride of Samuel Bowers alighting from the pillion to this stone.

Her married life must have been short, for in four years thereafter, Samuel brought his other bride, using the same stepping stone from, it may be, the same pillion. Later on, when the rough wagons had succeeded the saddle and pillion, this old horseblock was used in mounting them to ride to the church at Squabble Hole, until about 1720, and after that down the hill to the new church which had been built, on the common, near what is now the residence of Miss Emily Clark.

Those sturdy people had a habit of attending church and also had a way of making it decidedly unpleasant for those who did not attend. Those good, consistent souls, who came to this country in order that they might be free to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, insisted that all others should also worship Him according to those same dictates, believing firmly in liberty of conscience for themselves, but not at all for the other fellow.

Two or three generations of Durands used this block and enjoyed the shade of this tree, and, during the Revolution, when it was owned by our eighteenth century grafter, James Baird, the British officers doubtless alighted by help of this same stone, as did perhaps the stern committee which came to serve upon him the decision of the church and its edict of excommunication. Later on this old block continued its mission of assisting people to rise. Col. David

Jackson lived in the old house during the early part of the nineteenth century.

He was the last choir leader in the second church building of the First society, which was built in 1720, and stood one hundred years on the common at Academy Hill near where the Society of Founders and Patriots has recently placed a commemorative slab. He was also the first choir leader in the present church edifice, which was built in 1820.

In those early days of large families, before the scare clouds of "race suicide" had shown above the horizon, there must have been all through these two centuries many births, and many deaths in this house; and this old tree, which sheltered all these generations, waved a welcome to their advent and mournfully sighed at their departure, became to each of the successive families part and parcel of its history, and, in so doing, became also incorporated into the unwritten history of the town.

When it was cut down it was to me as the loss of an old friend. In my childhood days it was a half-way resting place on our way to and from school, and its shade was grateful after climbing the long hill from the schoolhouse. It appeared to welcome us and the stone horse-block invited us to a restful seat upon its flat surface.

Only a little while ago I sat again upon this stone. Just a hint of the old tree stump at its side remains, and, intensely interested as I always am in the history of my native town, I seemed to hear the story of the years repeated. My mind reverted until in imagination I could hear the axes of Wooster and French and Riggs as they slowly and persistently cut their way to comfort and competence. From this sightly point naught could then be seen but forest with perhaps a glimpse of the Naugatuck, like a silver thread, in the valley below.

To-day I could see prosperous cities, their immense

hives of industry supporting more people in this little valley within the limits of the original town of Derby than were in all New England when this house was built; railroads with trains flying up and down the valley carrying thousands of tons of raw materials and manufactured product, and whirling thousands of people from town to town, and from state to state; mazes of wires carrying and bringing messages to and from the utmost corners of the earth.

I said this old house and tree and block have witnessed all this change, from the simple conditions of the early days through all the marvelous development in science, in education, in manufactures, in the uses of steam and electricity as applied to transportation and communication, until this town has grown from a wilderness into an important part of a busy and prosperous state, itself part of a nation, which nation, standing as it does at the very top of the list of nations, has grown to its present magnificent proportions from nothing during the existence of this house, tree and block.

TEA PARTIES AND TODDY A CENTURY AGO

THE change of sentiment among sober people within one hundred years in regard to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is very marked and radical. In those days there was no government or state tax upon the manufacture or sale of liquors, and Holland gin, Saint Croix and New England rum and cider-brandy were just as legitimately articles of trade in Connecticut as were any commodities that might be named. The grocery store had its hogshead of rum side by side with the molasses and the customer who traded to the amount of one dollar was entitled to help himself from the rum spigot, to which was attached a tin cup, as it was in later days to the town pump. True it was that, even then, this privilege was occasionally abused and the excessive appetite of an individual now and then got the better of his judgment and ended in a drunk, but the great majority of the villagers might be trusted to drink one, more or less stiff, jigger and go away perfectly satisfied.

It would seem strange to-day if Holland gin sling should constitute a necessary preliminary course to a ladies' church sewing society tea, and yet, my mother has told me that when she was a little girl, about 1820, that was the fact, and that the housewife at whose home the tea was held would lose caste if this important course were omitted. It was the custom just before tea was announced to mix, in a toddy bowl, a pint of gin with hot water and sugar. Then little jigger glasses were past 'round on a waiter. One followed with the toddy bowl which contained a small silver ladle, with the aid of which each lady filled her little glass, and then sipped the contents with evident relish. This toddy

bowl was a big tumbler of very thin glass holding about two quarts. I have my grandmother's toddy tumbler to-day reposing as an ornament upon my dining room mantelpiece, and, if it could speak, it might doubtless tell many interesting stories of the gossip of those good women of that long ago over their teacups while under the exhilaration consequent upon the imbibing of its fragrant contents, but the fragile old tumbler, having outlived them all, maintains a dignified and glassy silence and reveals no secrets.

My mother used to relate how once when she was a very little girl, and the sewing tea was held at her father's house, her mother found, just before tea was ready, that the gin bottle was empty. This would never do, and the little girl was given the bottle, together with a silver "ninepence," of the value of twelve and one-half cents, and sent around to the village store with the parting injunction to "hustle and bring home the gin." In making speed somehow she lost the ninepence and upon her telling the grocer her tale of woe, that good-hearted individual filled the bottle, telling her to bring him another coin to-morrow. So she saved the day, and the reputation of my grandmother as a dispenser of up-to-date hospitality, and the flip was served in due season.

This custom long since departed with reference to women's teas, but still has its counterpart, at men's banquets, in the spicy cocktail which immediately follows the grace at those functions.

In those days the meetings of Masonic lodges were not complete without spirituous refreshment. What this refreshment consisted of will be seen by the following bill found among the old papers of my own lodge at Derby, founded in 1783:

King Hiram Lodge, No. 12, F. and A. M. To French, Gates & Co., Dr.,

2 lbs. crackers	$ .28
1 lb. candles	.27
½ gal. cognac brandy	.62
¼ gal. old spirits	.56
	$1.73

The quantity of spirits seems out of proportion to the supply of crackers, and reminds me of the story of the man who gave his boy a dollar with which to buy Sunday supplies. The boy brought home ninety cents worth of rum and ten cents worth of crackers, whereupon the father scolded him and boxed his ears for buying so many crackers.

It is now more than fifty years since spirituous liquors were entirely banished from Masonic lodge rooms and ante rooms.

Lest the reader may think that Masons of those days were sinners above all others I copy a bill said to have been taken from the records of the South church society of Hartford. My authority is "Fifty Years History in the Temperance Cause" published in Hartford in 1876.

South Society of Hartford

To Israel Seymour, Dr.,

To keeping ministers etc.	£.	s.	d.
2 mugs tody		2	4
20 segars		5	10
1 pint wine		3	
3 lodgings		9	
3 bitters			9
3 breakfasts		3	6
15 bolls punch	1	10	

24 dinners	1	16	
11 bottles wine	3	6	
5 mugs flip		5	10
3 bolls punch		6	
3 bolls tody		3	6
	8	3	11

And so it seems that ministers were not exempt from the habitual use of intoxicants as beverages, although to-day they seem to be particularly abstemious in their use.

The contract for building the present church edifice for the First Congregational Society of Derby, dated July 18, 1820, has as one of the items of its specifications, "A reasonable quantity of liquor shall be supplied for the workmen to be drank in the yard where said work is done." The item does not specify whether the contractor or the workmen should be the judge as to what should constitute "a reasonable quantity." It is also recorded that three gallons of rum were used for the raising of this church building, and so we may conclude that it required a considerable number of gallons of the same to complete the structure.

Holland gin and Jamaica rum were common beverages at the ministers' meetings of those days. This was before the day of railroads, and these good parsons came on horseback, some of them twenty miles or more, two or three times each year, to attend the association meetings held at some one of the churches of its membership all the way between New Haven and Litchfield. The Rev. Zephaniah Swift was settled over the Derby church in 1813 and continued as its pastor until his death in 1848. His daughter, a most estimable woman, long since dead, has told me stories of those meetings. After the religious services at the church it was the custom to adjourn to the parsonage for dinner. The

reverend host, like all other good citizens of those days, had his sideboard which contained decanters of gin and rum, and these sober divines would liquor up before dinner, just like common mortals, and the good lady informed me that they became much more talkative after a visit or two to the sideboard. Not to excess however, only, as she expressed it, "their tongues seemed somehow to loosen up and run easily and smoothly."

After the temperance movement started, it was not many years before liquor was banished from the ministers' meetings and church sewing societies, and even the farmers found that it was not an absolute necessity in the harvesting of their crops. I don't know whether there is any more liquor used per capita to-day than there was then, but I do know that it is not given the welcome of respectability which then characterized its almost universal use. The problem of regulating its sale is a very knotty one and legislation seems not to stay its onward march to any perceptible degree. If the time ever comes when all shall follow the example of the tea parties and ministers' meetings and stop drinking it, its manufacture and sale will also stop, but I must confess that now, that time seems very remote. I am not attempting to preach against its use, nor am I advocating it, but only trying to tell a reminiscent story as to what I heard and also saw during my boyhood days more than half a century ago.

OLD-FASHIONED ECONOMY

THE present high cost of living in this country is a subject of universal comment for the reason that everyone of us is interested in it. Columns have been written to prove that the increase of population has been so rapid that the demand for food has overtaken and passed the capacity of the country produce. No doubt that is, in a sense, true, but there is a phase of the question which is not so often touched upon, and that is, the demand for food and all other necessities of living has also increased faster than has the population. For instance, one thousand people of to-day require, probably twice as much in variety of food and other commodities that go to make up the necessities as did the same number of people 60 years ago.

I was born and raised in a Connecticut farmhouse, which had neither gas, running water, nor even a coal stove. A single cast iron wood stove furnished all the heat in a rambling house of 13 rooms. In winter we lived, except as to sleeping, in one room, which answered for kitchen, dining and sitting room, and in which we kept comfortable when near enough to the stove. We always had a supply of wood cut a year ahead and seasoned under cover. We all went to bed early, in cold rooms but in good warm beds, and by 10 o'clock the fire was out, and until morning, no matter how cold the weather, not a spark of fire was in the house. The windows rattled, loose in their frames, and in driving snow storms, the snow blew in the cracks and made a small range of drift across the floor. The hired man got up first and started a fire. We children, after several callings, jumped out of bed, grabbed our clothing and ran down stairs to dress around a red hot stove, while our breakfast was frying and steaming on it.

All the water was drawn by hand from a 40-foot well, and it was a part of the chores to fill the water pails, heap high the woodbox and get in the kindlings. Our only light was from the tallow dip. For my recollection goes back of the discovery and utilization of rock oil. We had a couple of company lamps that burned whale oil, but these we seldom used, and if at the present day we should light one of these candles with no other light in the room, it would be necessary to strike a match in order to find it. As to food, we were short on lamb chops and rib roast, but long on codfish and potatoes. For breakfast we had no course of orange or grape fruit, but plenty of buckwheat pancakes and molasses. My father was a good provider as to quantities. He bought codfish in 100 pound lots and molasses 10 gallons at a time. We had rye bread, but always a barrel of wheat flour for cake and pie crust.

When the winter set in for good, it found us with a supply of food which might almost have sufficed for an Arctic night. The salted pork, smoked meat and tried lard from three big hogs, a barrel of corned beef, smoked beef from a fatted cow, 50 bushels of potatoes, besides turnips and cabbages galore, were stored in the big house cellar, a row of full cider barrels, on skids along the wall, bins of apples, laid down butter, eggs put away in salt, all produced from the farm; in short everything except codfish, tea, coffee, sugar and molasses came from the farm and all those were bought in exchange for surplus farm produce, and so, in fact, the farm kept the family.

More than that also, my father kept sheep and when he sold the wool clip he received in part payment from the woolen mill sufficient heavy gray satinet cloth to make for himself and his two boys each a new suit; the village tailor cut the suits for 50 cents each, and took his pay in potatoes. An old lady made them up for about a dollar and a half a

suit. This was our Sunday suit the first year, and the last year's suit served us for every day, so that for many years we always wore that same gray cloth. Our mother spun the yarn and knitted our stockings. We each had a pair of cowhide boots for winter, and calfskin boots for Sunday. These Sunday boots were bought about two sizes too large so we shouldn't outgrow them before they were worn out. We went barefoot in summer—except to church Sundays—and our feet were so toughened that we have often stamped out chestnuts from their burrs without a thought of harm.

We had no canned goods and only used vegetables and fruits in their season. Lots of home-made preserves in the way of cider apple sauce, quinces, grapes, cherries, blackberries, etc., were put up in the fall. We had then no tomatoes, cucumbers, string beans or lettuce in the winter except as pickles. Our food was plenty but plain, and nothing was ever wanted. Economy was carried so far that as the apples were picked over from time to time on rainy days, the speckled ones were saved to be used for pies and eaten, and we were forbidden the sound ones, so that except for what we "pinched" on the sly—which was a considerable, we ate rotten apples all winter. We laid in a supply of butternuts, hickory nuts and chestnuts and these constituted our luxuries. We had no ice cream or chocolate drops, but we made molasses candy, filled it full of nut meats, and devoured it with relish.

We never wore a flannel undergarment until we were past 20 years old, took no note of wet feet until we pulled off boots and stockings at bedtime, and yet we seldom had colds, and grew up as tough and rugged as young wolves.

This was on the farm, but the people in the village lived in much the same way as to economy. There were no transportation facilities to bring spring and summer vegetables all winter, and, consequently, nothing was eaten

except in its season. The winter vegetables were few but staple and satisfying, and mechanics at wages of one dollar to one dollar and a half a day somehow brought up large families and also put money in the savings banks. It was done by the most rigid economy, but not on any starvation plan. All were plentifully fed, comfortably housed and clothed and were, I believe, tougher than the present generation.

In those days, sugar, tea, molasses were higher in price than now, flour was about the same, while meats, poultry and fish were much lower, also clothing, but wages since then have more than doubled.

In those days, there were no aggregations of capital combined to control food prices, transportation facilities were small, nearby production supplied the markets, so that prices fluctuated according to the current year crops, and the law of supply and demand was the only price controller.

We know that the present great trusts raise prices according to their own will, yet we buy the best of everything just the same. The only day in the year when we were extravagant in food was Thanksgiving, and then we went the limit.

THANKSGIVING SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

THE two distinctively New England holidays—or more properly when considered with reference to their original instituting, holy days—are or rather were, Fast day and Thanksgiving. The first set apart, and rigidly, almost despairingly, observed after that terrible winter at Plymouth when, of those who landed on that bleak coast in December, 1620, more than half their number had died before its rigor abated in the spring of 1621. The second set apart and joyfully, albeit also religiously, celebrated in the following autumn when bountiful crops had insured a subsistence for the second winter. The observance of these two days spread from Massachusetts to Connecticut and the rest of New England, and afterwards covered the whole country. These days have regularly been observed in New England 300 years. Fast day long ago nearly lost its original meaning. Many years ago it became merged with Good Friday, and is now recognized by the Congregational church somewhat with reference to its first significance, and the same day by the Liturgical churches as the saddest of religious holy days, but by very many of the people it is kept as a holiday pure and simple, without any reference either to the Pilgrim or the death of the Master.

Thanksgiving is, however, observed as a day, if not of devout thanksgiving yet still of rejoicing, and a certain thankfulness, especially the fullness, and has become one of the festivals of the year. There is nevertheless, a wide difference between our days and those of sixty-five years ago in the manner of its celebration. In these days we live so well every day that the extra touches added to the Thanksgiving meal are not appreciated as they were then.

I am going to try in this article to describe the keeping of Thanksgiving in a New England farm house in my boyhood more than sixty-five years ago. On other days of the year we were furnished abundant but often severely plain food. On this day we were filled to repletion with the best to be found. My father began about two weeks before the day, by selecting and shutting up about a dozen chickens to fat. In the house apples and meat were prepared and chopped for the mince pies, and the mixing process was a source of anticipatory pleasure to us youngsters. Such lots of raisins, citron and real oranges, boiled cider, spices and even cider brandy and grape wine, all went into the big pan with the meat and apples. The mixture simmered on the stove for a whole day. Oh, the smell of that mince-meat as we went in and out of the house. It lingers in my memory yet.

Pumpkin was stewed, quince tart was prepared and mother and the girls made up sixty to seventy pies, mostly mince, so rich, fruity and redolent of spices and spirits that they would keep till spring. Then there was a pudding made of butter, sugar, lots of eggs, wheat flour and scalded milk, mixed together and each ingredient added just at the right time, then raisins dropped in, and when that pudding was baked just right and covered with wine hard sauce it was the very acme of puddings. There was also a baked Indian pudding made as only home cooks know how.

All these were baked in the brick oven at one side of the fireplace, something which in those days was a necessary adjunct to every farm house, but which is now regarded only as a curiosity, and found only in the very old houses, mostly those built with the big stone chimneys. This oven was about three and one-half feet deep by two and one-half feet wide, built of bricks, arched over the top and with a flue connecting with the big chimney flue. Its capacious mouth was closed by an iron door having a slide draft. The

housewife knew just how many sticks of seasoned wood it took to heat properly, and just how long they must burn, regulating this by damper and draft. When sufficiently heated the coals were raked out and bread, pie, cake, beans, everything went in. It didn't need any watching. Bread might be left over night and found in the morning baked to a science. It required not a little skill to put a liquid pumpkin pie into this oven with the long handled, flat, iron shovel, and leave it in the rear of the oven without spilling a drop, but it was done without any apparent effort and as a matter of course. Indeed I have heard this feat mentioned as one of the many tests, as to whether a young woman was qualified to become a farmer's wife.

I can remember when my father raised, besides chickens, also turkeys and geese. The Thanksgiving dinner would not have been complete in his eyes without a big turkey, a goose, three or four chickens and a three or four rib roast, and these must all be on the table at once. For though economical to the last degree all other days, on this day he was lavish. In modern phraseology he "blew himself."

We youngsters enjoyed all the advance preparations and counted the days from the last Sunday before Thanksgiving when the governor's proclamation was, as it is still, read from the pulpit, until Thursday morning. We ate no breakfast that morning in order that our receptive capacity should not be in the least degree impaired. The only real drawback to the complete enjoyment of the whole day lay in the inflexible ruling of our stern father that we all go to church in the forenoon. There were some advanced thinkers even in those days who allowed their boys to play ball on Thanksgiving day, but father was not one of that number. He kept the day with the stern Pilgrim spirit of thanksgiving to God for His mercies as the bountiful provider of all good things, at the same time doing his best to enjoy them to the full with

his family, but so far as ball playing or any secular sport was concerned that day was the same as Sunday, and the younger generation of this day cannot fully appreciate what that meant sixty-five years ago. Stern as he was he was yet benevolent, and besides providing for a bountiful home dinner, he always sent a chicken and a bag of potatoes and turnips to each of several poor widows in the town.

As I have said, we went to church. The service and sermon were very long and to us very wearisome, but they finally ended and we went trooping home happy and hungry, but our hunger was that of those who know the remedy is close at hand. Mother and the domestic stayed at home from church to prepare the great feast, and when we arrived the choice odors incident to such preparation met us at the door with deliciously tantalizing effect. At length dinner was on the table. Turkey, goose, chicken, roast beef, chicken pie, dishes of mashed potato, jammed turnip, boiled onions, cranberry sauce, celery and lovely brown gravies. Just a little more patience, while father's long grace was said. With bowed heads we yet peeked out of the corners of our eyes at the steaming viands. We children knew that blessing and could say it forwards, backwards and each way from the middle and always greeted its fervent "Amen" with an audible sigh of relief.

Then the carving and helping began, big plates were piled high with generous samples of each of the meats, also with stuffing and vegetables, and we "fell to." The inclination was to swallow fast but the desire to make it last long made us move slowly. We stuffed the stuffing, drumsticks and wishbones were laid bare, white meat and dark meat went the same road. We kept in mind the saving of a place for pudding and pie, and when at last they came and it seemed impossible that we could swallow more, we performed the miracle of getting away with a big saucer of pudding and a

piece each of pumpkin, tart and mince pie, and at length, slowly and sadly, we dropped off one by one and left the table, fully gorged.

When the tables were cleared away, pies, cheese and nuts were left out upon the sideboard and we were free, nay even urged, to eat more, so that at intervals we continued the eating process until bedtime. Of course there was a big surplus left on hand, and the next day we resumed the attack upon cold poultry, the day after came poultry hash and a day or two later, with soup made from the stripped bones, we cleared away the last remnants of the great Thanksgiving meal, after which we settled down to our usual plain and doubtless much more wholesome living, but looking forward to another year.

Thanksgiving continues to be celebrated. We don't make such a fuss over it, as did the former generation. We have more and bigger things to take up our attention. It is not as then the one day in the year for stuffing but it continues to be a day for family reunions, and, so long as the father and mother live, so long will the children come to the old home on that one day in the year. The fathers and mothers of the days of which I write, long since passed on. We who were then the children are now patriarchs each of our own flock and keep the day in a similar spirit, cheerful and yet with a tinge of sadness at the recollection of all the changes which time has wrought.

THE GRIST MILLS OF OLD DERBY AND VICINITY

IN the settlement of Connecticut towns, next after procuring a minister of the gospel was the necessity for a mill. The first mill in Derby was built in 1681, on Beaver Brook, at the "North End," now in Ansonia, somewhere in the vicinity of the residence of the late Reuben H. Tucker. The need of a mill was so imperative that the town voted to build the dam and appropriated twenty pounds in money and also offered thirty acres of land adjoining, to him who would undertake the job. John Hull accepted the conditions and the dam and mill materialized. It was doubtless a very crude affair, built without plans or specifications or engineering, but it crushed the corn and wheat of that early day into shape for furnishing nutriment to the hardy settlers.

It served this purpose some twenty years until in 1706 the Naugatuck river was dammed and another mill built by another Hull. This, the very beginning of the present immense manufacturing interests of the valley, was the first of a score or more of dams which now span the Naugatuck river, the waters of which were then pure and sweet and limpid; the home of the trout, which might swim from its mouth to its source unhindered.

This mill, having larger capacity and power, was famous for years, and ground most of the grain within a radius of ten or fifteen miles. It was called the "Yellow Mill," and was in use until the founding of Birmingham, in 1837, when the water rights were bought by Sheldon Smith. A new and larger dam was built and the water conducted in a canal to the new village, where it turned the wheels of its manufactories more than sixty years. I remember the old

mill, but as a ruin only; its wheels and stones having ceased their revolutions before I was born.

It was said that in the sale of the property it had been verbally stipulated that a grist mill must be perpetually maintained in Derby. Such a mill was fitted and operated for some years thereafter near where the bridge formerly crossed the canal at Water street, but it being more profitable to use the power for manufacturing purposes, and verbal promises not being binding upon future generations, the grist mill was discontinued, and, until the advent of the Sawyer mill, afterward owned by John Peterson, a period of some thirty years, there was no grain mill in the whole town of Derby which then included Ansonia. All the farmers of the town were obliged to carry their grain either to Woodbridge, Orange or Huntington for grinding.

In time nearly every brook of any size in most Connecticut towns had its grist mill. The grains ground were Indian corn, rye and buckwheat.

Very little wheat was ever grown in Connecticut and nearly all the bread used was made from rye. The housewives of those generations attained to perfection, in the making of rye bread. Wet up with milk and raised with homemade yeast of "emptins," as it was called, it came out of the old brick oven in the stone chimney at the side of the fireplace, a loaf fit for the king. Buckwheat pancakes were the standard for the breakfast the year round.

Those old grist mills turned out bolted corn meal the like of which is not produced today. He who never ate hasty pudding of sixty years ago was born too late. That pudding, eaten sometimes sweetened with molasses, sometimes from a bowl with milk, sometimes fried to a beautiful golden brown and served with homemade sausage or home-cured ham, is not even approached by the modern breakfast foods, chaff, shavings, shredded door mats, which are so much in evidence today.

In the early years of New England, grain was a legal tender in the place of gold and silver, and the miller took his pay for grinding in the grain itself. Three quarts to the bushel was the legal toll, and that system came down to within my own recollection.

The Woodbridge mill was owned by Capt. James J. Baldwin, who was always designated as "Cap'n Jim," and was located on the Wepawaug river, where it crosses the road from Ansonia to New Haven. "Cap'n Jim's" house was near the mill and might be known by the wrecks of old wagons, carts, plows and miscellaneous junk which lined the road for a quarter of a mile either direction. It is now occupied, I believe, by a grandson of the captain, and I am glad to notice that the roadway has been thoroughly cleared up.

I have carried grist to this mill. It was discontinued long ago as well as a saw mill which stood by it. The old dam is in dilapidation and the brook runs unhindered through its rotting gates.

The mill at Orange was at Alling's Mills, so called, on the same stream, where it crosses the New Haven turnpike, about three miles from Derby.

In those days besides the grist mill there was a saw mill and woolen mill—all running by power from the same pond. All of these are gone, a new concrete dam has taken the place of the old stone and log affair, and the water, instead of turning water wheels, is piped by the New Haven Water Co. to the Elm City to be used for household purposes.

As a boy I was often sent to this mill with a load of rye or corn, to be ground while I waited. It was operated by Uncle Zeri Alling whose hair was as white and dusty as was his coat and hat. He, very solemnly, poured the grain into the hopper and as solemnly started the wheel: with the same earnestness took out his toll, and wandering from stone

to bolt and from bolt to stone, with never a smile during the whole operation, he ground the flour, and, putting the bags in to the wagon turned to the next grist automatically, as if there were nothing in the wide world excepting that old mill. In winter, waiting at the mill for a grist to be ground was very dismal. No fire was there, and the wind, whistling hrough knot holes and cracks, made it as cold inside as without. The boy must knock his feet and whip his hands to accelerate circulation, and the hours passed very slowly. Uncle Zeri, being just a part of the old mill, was no more sociable than were the bags and bins of grain. The boy diverted himself by watching the grain trickle slowly down through the hole in the millstone, also seeing the little buckets of crushed grain climbing up in endless succession, and, emptying their contents into the bolt, return for another load. He saw the rats peeking out their holes and slyly running across the floor.

He heard the creaking of the ice-laden wheel and the groaning of the rude shafting underneath the mill. Sometimes he would go into the saw mill and watch the upright saw chugging its way through the big log, and finally when the grain was ground he was glad to get it and start for home.

In summer it was entirely a different proposition, for then the boy would find a fish line and hook in his pocket and also a box of worms, with thrifty forethought, he had dug before leaving home, and, cutting a pole from the bushes lining the banks of the placid pond, would catch the greenish yellow roach or "pumpkin seed," the thorny bullhead and the barred perch or, wandering down the stream, be rewarded with an occasional speckled trout. Oh, those summer days of going to mill; a respite from weeding onions; from riding horse to plow corn; from raking after the cart; from turning the grindstone; those easy (?) jobs

which are always given to the boys and which have sent so many of them away from the farms to the cities.

All these jobs were temporarily forgotten, while following the brook, in the beauty of nature's wildness. The beautiful stream, rippling and murmuring over its shallows, clear and sparkling in its depths, gliding clean and pure over its sands and pebbles; the schools of little fishes darting here and there in its limpid pools, now flowing between bending alders; now through thick woods, patches of sunlight showing at intervals through the foliage; now coursing its winding way out through the level meadows where bobolinks in midair voiced their quavering songs, where the meadow lark uttered his shrill note, the robin and thrush poured forth their lays, and flocks of blackbirds chattered.

All these the boy saw, and, lying on his back in the long grass by the brookside watching the fleecy clouds floating in heaven's blue, forgot his daily grind on the farm and also forgot his other grind at the mill until suddenly coming to himself, the day far spent, and all the romance gone, he hurried back up the stream to the mill to get his grist and pike for home, knowing that he would be late in his job of bringing home the cows, and probably be chided therefor.

There was still another mill to which I often carried a grist, that at Huntington Center. The miller, a Mr. Curtiss, rotund and rubicund, who walked with a waddle like a duck, was much more sociable than Uncle Zeri. He had a cheery greeting for one and, though busy at his work, always found intervals during which he would converse with a customer pleasantly. I had at this mill, with its pond and brook, much the same experience as at Alling's, fishing and wandering along the stream enjoying its natural beauty and the same respite from farm drudgery. The ride going or coming through Wells' Hollow always appealed to me through its very wildness of stream and wood and country road.

The old grist mills of Connecticut are nearly all gone. The broad wheat and corn fields in the west, the immense mills with their steel rolls in place of the stone, together with the great railroads have made it possible to place mill products at our doors at prices which render the crude old-fashioned manner of grinding unprofitable. The buildings, if not wholly gone, stand picturesque in ruin, the still water-wheel rotting on its bearings, the flume decayed, the water splashing over the falling dam and running under the wheel instead of over it, waiting for the day when its now unused power shall be appropriated, as it doubtless will, for the purpose of generating electricity to be used for lighting or transportation.

HISTORIC TREES OF OLD DERBY

NO. V

THERE were two large and very old trees, a black walnut and a sugar maple, which, during my younger days and far into my manhood, stood a few hundred feet easterly from the U. H. Swift house on Sentinel Hill, opposite the reservoir of the Birmingham Water Co., which were, in a way, historic. They shaded, in my day, an old cellar upon which formerly stood the house of Abel Holbrook, one of the settlers of Derby. He came here somewhere from 1675 to 1678. He built a house on this hill, and in 1679 traded with Daniel Collings for another house, which was probably the one at this spot. The first road built went from Old Town over the hill by the Samuel Bowers place, and so on by Holbrook's house, over what is now Sodom lane, to Ebenezer Johnson's house—which was situated near where Minot Smith now lives—and from thence to Milford.

Another road left this one at Holbrook's house and led southerly down through what is now Burtville, joining the first described road two or three miles below Derby.

In February, 1691, the town voted that "the country road shall run over Sentinel Hill by the Welshman's lot down to the two mile brook," and also at the same meeting granted Capt. Ebenezer Johnson " the old road that now goes from Abel Holbrook's house down to the two mile brook in exchange for the land that he lays down for the highway that goes over Sentinel Hill down to the two mile brook."

This last is the present road which passes by my birthplace and crosses the New Haven turnpike at the house of William and Alfred Gilbert. The "Welshman lot" was a part of

The Home of Reverend Richard Mansfield, D.D.

my own farm and still bears the same name by which it was designated on the Derby records two hundred and fifteen years ago.

In March, 1691, Capt. Johnson was given permission to set up "two gates against Abel Holbrook's house," which undoubtedly means the shutting up of this old road.

Many generations of Holbrooks lived here, this Abel being the ancestor of all the Holbrooks in this vicinity including those in Ansonia and Seymour. One of his sons, John, lived just south of the Episcopal cemetery on Elm street, Ansonia, and donated the land for cemetery and church purposes, upon which was erected the first building for the Episcopal church in Derby.

A grandson of Abel's, Col. Daniel Holbrook, was prominent, during the Revolution, in raising and equipping troops for the war. He was a large farmer and owned all the land now owned by Edward McEnerney and heirs of Michael Stokes, also the Paul farm, the U. H. Swift farm, the Leonard Jacobs farm, and all the land flowed by and surrounding the reservoir. He had several sons. Among them was Josiah, a noted teacher, who founded the Up-Town academy, and whose children unto the third generation have also been noted as scholars and teachers. Josiah married Lucy, daughter of Rev. Zephaniah Swift, who was minister of the First church in Derby for thirty-five years, dying in 1848.

So much for the Holbrook family. Now to come back to the trees.

In my boyhood days the Revolution was only seventy years back, and it is easy to believe they were planted far earlier than that period. In 1704 Abel Holbrook was granted the privilege of keeping an "ordinary" or tavern. That was seventy years further back, and so those trees, if one hundred and forty years old when I was a boy, which is very probable, connect that old tavern with this generation. It

seems a strange locality for a hostelry, but it was located on what was then the only road from Milford up through the country to Woodbury, Waterbury and beyond.

The only bar was the cider barrel. A mug of cider heated by plunging into it a red hot poker was a popular beverage, and, doubtless, in winter evenings, tavern guests, between these mugs of "flip," talked of the crops and held theological discussions upon the doctrinal subjects of "predestination," "foreordination," "election," and "justification by faith," upon which subjects laymen, in those days, could give the clergy points.

An old millstone lay for years on the ground in the highway, near this cellar, and in front of these trees. My father has told me that this stone had been used for the base stone of a gate post, the foot of the post having a shoulder cut on it and turning in the hole of the stone. The same story was also told me some thirty years ago by "Tom" Bulkley, a very old colored man who came with my grandfather to Derby from Fairfield in 1816, and who, after a few years spent in Derby, lived in New Haven until his death many years ago.

His father, named also "Tom," was my grandfather's slave, right here in old Connecticut. This gate stood at the entrance of the old closed road alluded to above, and was a successor to the gate placed there by Capt. Johnson many years before. Previous to this the stone had been used in a real mill. The records and the Derby History mention "Hull's mill" as being the first mill in Derby; doubtless this is correct, but there was another mill of which there is no record except that furnished by tradition fortified by other evidence. Just over the western wall of Mr. E. E. Dunbar's home lot and only a short distance from this old tavern site can be still plainly seen the remains of a small dam, and my father said there was a tradition that Abel Holbrook had there a small corn mill.

Here is the dam, a brook, a mill stone, a tradition, and the rest is easy. A great part of history back of two hundred years ago is founded upon tradition. We can easily imagine that this old millstone has ground out embryo hasty puddings and corn bread for the ancient denizens of Sentinel Hill, including the Woosters, Frenches, Piersons, Riggses and Denmans, as well as the Holbrooks and the travelling patrons of the "ordinary.

The thoroughly ripened and seasoned yellow corn, ground in those old-fashioned mills, yielded a meal the like of which is not produced to-day. And the "hasty pudding"! eaten, sometimes sweetened with molasses, sometimes from a bowl with milk, sometimes fried to a beautiful brown and served as an accompaniment to home-made sausage or home-cured ham, is not even approached by the modern "breakfast foods": ground corn cobs; toasted chaff desiccated shavings; shredded door mats. Stuffing for a doll or a pillow! These are not to be mentioned with the fat-producing, blood enriching, strength-giving yellow corn meal pudding of ye olden days.

When the mill fell to ruins it was natural that the stone should have been brought up and used for a gate-post step, and when the old roadway was finally permanently closed by a wall, that the stone should remain. I have cracked quarts of black walnuts from the old tree noted above on this very millstone, and have imbibed sap from the maple.

The old house was occupied near its last days by 'Squire' Chipman Swift, father of Rev. Zephaniah Swift, and grandfather of the late U. H. Swift. He lived here with his second wife, who was the widow of Rev. Samuel Mills and only daughter of Rev. Daniel Humphreys and Lady Sarah Riggs Humphreys.

My father told me that she was very large and that when the old man, her husband, drove around to the front door with the wagon to take her to ride, he would tell her to

"come along; it's as much to load ye as 'twould be a turce (tierce) of salt."

To show how rapidly history unfolds and generations pass, there is not to-day an acre of ground on the whole of Sentinel Hill which has not changed ownership within sixty years with the single exception of land owned by the heirs of Agur Gilbert, and the most of it within twenty years. It has all passed out of the hands of the original families and their descendants.

The site of this old historic tavern has been plowed over and levelled, the well filled up with earth, the venerable trees cut down by those, who, having no associations connected therewith, saw in them only so much lumber and fuel. The millstone was the last to go. At the suggestion of my wife I had it removed to our old homestead many years ago, and placed under our bedroom window on the southerly side of the house.

We often sat together upon it and told each other stories of its life and mission. Our stories were mythical and imaginary, combining history with cookery. The story of all the years since the first settlement of Derby Hill, with the story of the various combinations, baked, boiled, fried, which had been made by past generations from the grains bruised to flour and meal by this old stone!

The philosophical and silent piece of granite never contradicted us, nor did it ever enlighten us. It simply remained neutral and mute. I have little doubt the story I have attempted to tell is substantially its true one. It is, probably, where we left it, and where the reader can find it if he cares to look, still mute and destined to outlast many more generations and many more centuries of the history of Derby.

We, living in the present, are wont to think of the people of past generations as having been, somehow, not as real

as we ourselves are; but their lives were just as genuine and as earnest as are ours to-day. They lived and passed on; we are hastening to the same result, and future writers will record the doings of our times and the same will be read with the indifferent interest which characterizes our perusal of what is written now. They had more to contend with than have we; the modern accessories which tend to make life easy did not then exist, but, inasmuch as they had them not they did not miss them. They were a sturdy, hardy, conscientious people, who, while working for themselves and children, were yet, unconsciously, planting seed the fruits of which we enjoy to-day.

In closing this series of papers let me pay my deepest tribute of respect and admiration to their memory, for notwithstanding that my subject has been nominally "Historic Trees," in reality it has been the men and women who by association and propinquity made these trees historic.

This painting was presented to Yale College by the widow of Col. Humphreys but is now in the possession of Mr. Frank Landon Humphreys, the biographer of the "Life of David Humphreys," who writes:

"In this painting, known as 'The Delivery of the Standards,' Col. Humphreys is depicted with a furled British standard in hand standing near the entrance to the Hall of Congress. At his left is a mounted cannon, and in the background an orderly holding his horse, with the military escort grouped near by, and beyond are the houses and trees of the city of Philadelphia."

PRESENTATION TO CONGRESS BY COL. DAVID HUMPHREYS OF THE FLAGS SURRENDERED AT YORKTOWN

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DECANTER

IN the year 1886 I purchased at auction a cut flint glass decanter. It was a part of the household effects of the old Humphreys home on Elm Street, (then) Derby.

It has often been in my mind that it would be fitting if the old bottle should be owned by the D. A. R. chapter which bears the name of her who was the distinguished mistress of the old house in its early days, and recently I decided to present it to this chapter. With this idea in mind, as I sat one evening at home alone, I took the old piece of ware from the shelf where it had stood for several years. Placing it upon the table I sat me down beside it and fell to musing. As usual my pad and pencil lay within reach. I thought of the bottle's great age and of all the interesting events with which it had been contemporary, and how, if its silent mouth could speak, what a wonderful history it might relate. To my great surprise, at that moment I distinctly heard a sharp voice saying, "Write what I shall tell you and you will have my history." I listened, and again heard the same words. I seized pencil and pad and at the dictation of the ancient decanter I wrote as rapidly as possible.

"My first recollection is a feeling of being expanded to the extent that I felt certain if it were continued a moment longer I should burst. Fortunately this expansion stopped just short of the bursting point. I was then shaped, being as it were soft and plastic, and placed with a lot of others similar to myself, in a row where I felt myself growing hard and rigid. Soon after I was held against a swiftly revolving wheel roughened with fine sand which cut and formed the rings and facets that still appear upon my surface. The grooves at my base were cut upon another wheel, after which

I was made smooth upon a wheel of wood. A stopper was fitted to my mouth and I was pronounced perfect and ready for sale. I afterwards learned that all this occurred at a place called Prague in Bohemia, Austria, somewhere about the year 1630.

I was packed with a lot of others like me and sent up to Holland, from whence I was carried in a Dutch vessel to London. I left Austria so early in my career, and only passing through Germany and Holland had not time to learn the language of either country, but after arriving in England and being placed on a shelf in a shop, I very rapidly learned the meaning of English words. I learned that I was a decanter, that the material of which I was composed was called flint glass, that I was a fairly good specimen of cut glass ware, the art of which was then in its infancy; that I was made to be used for the purpose of holding spirits, which men, and women too, drank, sometimes to excess, but usually in a social and harmless way, and that my function, aside from being in a plain way ornamental, consisted in dispensing of my contents as needed for the delectation of the human race in a social manner.

I remained on the shelf for about two years, until one Edward Riggs became my owner by purchase and I was taken out of the shop and again packed for a long journey, the destination of which I afterwards learned was America. I arrived safely and my owner, with his family, settled at a place called Roxbury, in Massachusetts. This was in 1633. Edward Riggs brought with him his wife, two sons and four daughters. Within three years he had buried the wife, two daughters and one son. I was placed in use, as was the custom of those days, in dispensing spirits at the obsequies of all.

Edward Riggs, second, the only son left, married a wife in Roxbury, and was a soldier in the Pequot war, where he

gained the rank of sergeant, by which title he was known the rest of his life. He left Roxbury with his family in 1646 and went to Milford in the New Haven colony, taking me also, but after eight years at Milford he moved further into the wilderness some eight miles northerly to a place called Paugassett, afterwards Derby. Here he settled on the hill a mile east of the river, and some of his descendants have lived on this same land until a few years ago, a period of two hundred and forty years. I remained in the family of the descendants of the first Edward until 1865

In 1661 there were two men who come to the Riggs house. I heard them addressed as respectively Goffe and Whalley. I learned that they were two of the judges who had condemned King Charles I, of England, to be beheaded, and that after Cromwell's reign was over and Charles II had come to the throne they had been obliged to flee and remain in hiding, as he intended if he could lay hands upon them to mete out similar punishment to that given by them to his distinguished father. They were also called 'regicides,' which I overheard meant 'king slayers.' They remained with us one entire winter. They often raised their drooping spirits by imbibing of spirits which they poured from my ever ready capacity and drank with great relish. They were very dignified and respectable gentlemen, and when warmed up by my assistance during the long winter evenings, sitting before a leaping fire of logs in the great stone fireplace, would recount tales of England, dwelling particularly upon the animosity of King Charles towards the non-conformists, and justifying their verdict for his beheading. Their talk was of Presbyterians, Independents, Nonconformists, Covenanters and Round Heads, the distinction between which seemed to them very clear, but to me very bewildering. At the same time they were constantly in mortal fear of a like fate for themselves at the hands of his merry son which

fate they would surely have met had he caught them. They preferred a secluded home in the corner of the wilderness, having heads attached to their bodies, to a grave in London which separated head and trunk. I was always glad they were not captured and I have heard it said that they succeeded in eluding the king's detectives until their death at a ripe old age at Hadley, Massachusetts.

In 1666 Sergeant Edward Riggs gave his farm to his son Samuel, and with the rest of his family removed to Newark, N. J. I was left behind with Samuel. He became a great farmer and a noted man in the community, being one of the two or three most prominent men in town and church affairs. He was largely instrumental in establishing a church, procuring a minister and setting up and running a town government.

The consultations for all these important things were held at our house. I was invariably present, generally the center of the group, and all, including the minister, took frequent counsel from me and decided important matters over glasses filled with the contents of my always ready interior. At his death his son John inherited his farm and homestead which included me. He, like his father, was a very important man in the town, it having been said of him that he was the most noted man of his day in Derby, which then included the present towns of Derby, Ansonia, Seymour and Oxford. He had several children. He gave his boys farms in Rimmon and Quakers Farms, to which they removed. He also had daughters. The youngest of these, Sarah, married a Mr. John Bowers, and I was given to her as a part of the wedding outfit. Mr. Bowers died after five years, and one year thereafter, in 1739, Sarah, then being 27 years of age, married the Reverend Daniel Humphreys.

I wish I could fittingly describe this elegant lady. Born

almost in a wilderness, yet having a very bright and intelligent mother, Elizabeth Tomlinson, of the original Stratford Tomlinson stock, she was reared in all the wise and thrifty ways of housekeeping of those days, and although her education was received almost entirely at home she seemed to have inherited all that was best of both Tomlinson and Riggs and was eminently fitted to become the wife of the minister of the Church of Christ in Derby. At the time of his marriage, Mr. Humphreys had been settled over this church six years and had bought a house, which house is still standing after the lapse of 170 years. To this house he brought his bride and her effects among which I was numbered, and where I remained 147 years. This couple lived here together forty-eight years, she being known far and wide as the 'Lady Humphreys,' a title which by her dignity, great intelligence and benevolence, she richly merited. She was very hospitable and I contributed largely toward maintaining her hospitality.

The ministers' meetings were often held at the Humphreys home, at which times the ministers came from all over the country and sometimes from beyond. I heard many theological discussions and 'The Old Way,' 'The New Way,' 'The Half Way Covenant' became very familiar terms to me, and when these good ministers were sufficiently lubricated with Saint Croix rum, of which I could always furnish a plentiful supply, being replenished from a keg in the cellar as often as I was running low, their discussions were often animated and so I always prided myself upon being a very important factor in the discussion to the extent that at least I was always perfectly sober.

Five children were born to this family, all being bright and brainy, far above the average, a remark which I think I am entitled to make after my more than two and one-half

centuries of observation. Samuel went away in early life, became a lawyer, settling in Massachusetts, and was very prominent in that state until his death at an advanced age. John became a great farmer, and resided all his life a short distance from his father's home in a house also still standing, now owned and occupied by Jeremiah Flahavan. Elijah became a major in the Revolution, and his family inherited me. Sarah, the only daughter, who lived and died in Derby, was twice married.

The one who became the most distinguished of all was David, the youngest son, who figured in the Revolution as an aide to General Washington and afterwards as minister to Spain and Portugal. Later on in life he brought a very expensive breed of sheep into this country and manufactured woolen goods at Humphreysville, now Seymour, by which name it ought never to have been called. Humphreys it should have been and I hope yet to be in existence when the name shall be restored.

My sojourn in this Humphrey family is the most interesting period in my existence, and the one upon which I most delight to dwell. This forty-eight years of happy married life—a long time as human life goes but very short as viewed from my standpoint—between this sincere and able minister and his queenly and charming lady, the growing up of their children until they themselves were established in life, all came under my observation and this family was nearer and the memories connected with it are dearer than any that preceded it.

A few years after the beginning of Mr. Humphreys' pastorate, an Episcopal church was organized, and services supplied by missionaries until, in 1748, one Richard Mansfield appeared on the scene, having taken Episcopal orders in England. Land had been donated and a church erected

just opposite the Humphreys home, and he took charge of the parish, where he remained a period of 72 years, a record almost unparalleled. This was the nucleus of all the Episcopal churches in the territory then known as Derby.

There was a natural enmity between the Church of England and the Puritan church. The former considered the ordination of ministers of the latter as of no effect or authority, while the latter looked upon the former as being but a little removed from the Papacy, and so I heard again the same line of arguments to which I had become accustomed at my Riggs Hill home one hundred years before, in the days of the regicides; perhaps not quite so severe but very similar. They got on fairly well, however, by, as it were, tacitly ignoring each other, but somehow the children of the Humphreys and the Mansfields attended school together in the old red school house at what is now Academy Hill and they were very friendly, so much so that Elijah and Anna, respectively son and daughter of the respective divines, became very fond of each other, and as they grew up desired to become man and wife. Then trouble began, but after several conferences the matter was arranged, and, in due time, they were married; the two reverend fathers pledging the future friendship of the two families in frequent draughts from my willing neck.

Years passed on, the Revolution broke out. David and Elijah went off to the war, the Humphreys being loyal and patriotic; the Mansfields, imbued with the idea of England's supremacy in church and state, remaining loyal to the king, to the extent that the little church became almost deserted. But the war ended, and things resumed their former condition. Elijah died, David became a busy diplomat, and, finally, the good minister and his queenly wife both dying within two months of each other, I was left to Elijah's widow

and children in the same house where I had been so contentedly for nearly half a century. I little thought I was to remain in that same house for another century, but such was the case.

Elijah's widow, under the instruction of her father, brought up her children in the Episcopal faith, and the old mansion, which had been for fifty years the center of the Independent faith, or Congregationalism, became as thoroughly a center of Episcopalianism. Anna Mansfield Humphreys lived more than forty years after the death of her husband, and I descended to her daughter, Betsey, who became the wife of Captain Thomas Vose, and for many years dispensed hospitality and benevolence in the same charming, courtly and dignified manner which had so strongly characterized her illustrious grandmother.

But I must pass over this half century of my life briefly and say that I outlived the whole family and in 1886 found myself being sold at auction with the rest of the household effects of Betsey Vose, many of which belonged to the Lady Humphreys. I was bought by my present owner, who, after keeping me some ten years in Derby, removed to Waterbury, and I was placed on a shelf in his dining room, where I remained until a few days since. I often overheard him, and his good wife, although no relation of the Humphreys or Mansfields, express great respect for and knowledge of their history, and also speak of old Derby as being the dearest spot on earth, which sentiment I always silently indorsed.

A short time ago I heard him say that he was considering the matter of donating me to be laid up in the archives of a chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution named after her who was my former mistress, the Lady Humphreys. My heart, metaphorically, leaped for joy. I listened intently

and when I knew that he was in earnest I fairly quivered and glistened from every facet with anticipation—and so, here am I. I have lived a long life. I know not what yet may be in store for me. Barring accident I may be destined to endure for another 277 years, but at present, as my lady is gone from me forever, I cannot but be content with being one of many relics which bear her name.

D. CANTER."

THE EVOLUTION OF "THE GREEN" IN DERBY

IN a copy of the Derby Journal under date April 29, 1847, I find the following:

"A gentleman from New Haven thinks it is a matter of regret that the good people of Birmingham don't cause shade trees to be set out around the public square, and asks us to 'touch 'em up.' It can't be denied that a row of fine maples or elms would add much to the appearance of the spot in question and relieve it of that desolate and forbidding aspect which it now possesses; but we are inclined to think that the nature of the soil is such as to forbid the growth of trees, and greatly doubt if there is nourishment enough in the whole area to afford sustenance to a cabbage stalk. However, we are not certain that a few rock maple saplings might be able to 'live and have a being' and we have no objection to the New Haven friend's coming out and planting a few sprouts for the benefit of the Birmingham people."

In another issue of the same journal, viz., May 6, 1847, occurs this letter to the editor upon the same subject:

"Messrs. Editors:

"What's the reason someone does not make paths across the green? I believe the ground rich enough to raise grass if not rock-maple saplings. If there were paths across it at right angles, through the middle and then across from the corners, the grass would stand a small chance at least, and then the fence would be of some use. I don't believe there is a cow in town so poor that would be seen there if there was no fence. Now is the time. Will somebody attend to it?

(Signed) "RAILROAD."

When Sheldon Smith and his surveyor, "Clouse," staked out the streets of Birmingham in 1836, he also laid out, for a public square, the plot which is to-day the beautiful "green." In 1847, eleven years later, it had been fenced, as reference is made to such fence in one of the above articles; but there appears to have been very little use for a fence, no paths had been laid out, no trees planted, and there was no need of any "keep off the grass" signs. Ten years later still, in 1857, when I crossed it daily, from Fourth and Minerva Streets diagonally to Fifth and Elizabeth, on my way to school, there was a layout of paths as they are to-day, but they were simply foot-paths, with no defined borders, nor were they even graveled; grass had begun to appear in patches, and a few little maples had been planted.

It is a far cry from the gravelly sterile knoll of 1837—or even from what it was in 1857—to the velvet sodded, maple and elm shaded Derby Green of to-day. When Sheldon Smith laid out this square, 70 years ago, and afterwards, together with Anson G. Phelps, gave the sites for the Methodist, Congregational and Episcopal churches, he "builded better than he knew." Whatever his dreams may have been as to its future he could not have seen it as it appeared to the writer when crossing it a few days ago.

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet" had little time for aught but the struggle for existence. Life was a stern reality, work an ever present necessity, love for the beautiful in nature hardly existed; the esthetic had no part in their thoughts. Their daily life was grim and matter of fact. Trees were, to them, so much wood or timber; grass was for the production of beef and butter; flowers were but vanity and vexation of spirit. It had never entered into their minds to conceive of smoothly shaven lawns or arching colonnades of trees as something merely to please the senses, make glad the heart and delight the eyes of man, and yet, in laying

out the village, something of prophetic vision must have impelled its founder to set apart this spacious square in its very heart, and we may infer that he looked forward through the years and saw, dimly, what we now see in reality and with so much of pleasure and appreciation, and so, I repeat, he builded better than he knew, for he could never have realized its full beauty of to-day.

To those who have seen it daily through its slow process of evolution from barrenness to beauty, the change is hardly perceptible, but to one who remembers it as it was in its crude state, and suddenly realizes its present attractiveness the change comes as a revelation. Even so it appeared to me. I recalled its post and rail fence, with posts at the path entrances to let the people in and keep the cattle out, its crooked foot-worn paths, its patches of grass and its few stunted trees; the old ledge or rocks adjoining, on Minerva street just above St. James's church, which came almost to the park fence, leaving just room for a wagon to pass. To-day I saw it unfenced, city ordinances against cattle roaming having taken away the necessity of fences. I saw concrete walks, shaded and arched over with thrifty trees, oriole-nested, under which men, women and children were seated, apparently happy and content. I saw velvety grass, the growth and emerald color of which showed the result of fertility of soil and intelligent care, and I was glad that I lived in an age when beauty was kept abreast and just a little ahead of utility in the conduct of municipal affairs, and that it was not all of life to work and eat and sleep, but that a good deal of time may be also given to the enjoyment of the beautiful in nature, and in assisting nature to attain to her fullest development.

DR. CHARLES C. TIFFANY

THERE are many yet living in Derby who remember the Rev. Dr. Charles C. Tiffany who died at Northeast Harbor, Me., August 20. He was educated at Dickinson college, studied theology at Andover, and afterwards took courses at Halle, Heidelberg and Berlin.

He was ordained in 1857 at the First Congregational church at Derby and installed pastor of that church at the same time. He continued there as pastor seven years until in 1864 he was called to the Congregational church at Woodline, now a part of Boston. In 1866 he was again ordained, this time as an Episcopalian, in which denomination he became, during the succeeding forty years, somewhat prominent. He was rector of parishes at Fordham, N. Y., Boston and New York City, and was archdeacon under Bishop Potter from 1893 to 1902 when he resigned and has since enjoyed a well-earned rest.

It is of the period of his pastorate at the Derby church of which I shall write. I was fifteen years old when he came and twenty-two when he went away, and I can truly say that no man ever exerted as much influence in my life as did he. He came a young man of twenty-seven, ambitious to succeed in his chosen calling, orthodox but liberal, possibly a little too much so for some of the Calvinists of those days. He preached and practiced also. He made many pastoral calls not only upon those of his own church but those also of other denominations. He brought the young people together for improvement. He organized a reading circle, the successor of which is in being to this day and is conducted much upon the same lines that he originated. He had a class of young men in history, and the book from which we

recited was entitled "Eighteen Christian Centuries." It was, as its name indicates, history condensed, and whatever knowledge I may have of Roman and other European history, is owing to the start given me by the study and recitation to him, from this book. Indeed I use it still as a reference book of history down through the Christian Centuries more than any other.

He was also fond of fishing, boating, swimming, and many a half day have I passed with him on the Housatonic enjoying these sports and receiving from his more mature mind information and advice which have been of great service during my whole life thus far; and so I repeat that the influence of this man during those plastic years of my early life was very helpful and that I owe much of whatever I may have of character to it. I could name a goodly number of people in Derby to-day—all now grey-headed—who, I am sure, will be glad to testify to the same thing with reference to themselves. Doubtless the same good influences were exerted with the same good results in all the parishes over which he ministered during the forty years thereafter, and, although his sermons may not be long remembered, the good influences of his life will continue on through time in an ever widening stream.

Two years after he left Derby, viz: in 1866, the same year in which he received Episcopal ordination, he came to Derby, upon my invitation, and officiated at my own marriage at St. James's church.

Life is a great unsolvable mystery, much must be taken by faith. I try hard to believe that there is a hereafter and that we shall there meet and recognize friends whom we knew in this life.

If this belief materializes and, finally, "faith shall be lost in sight," shall we not naturally seek out those to whom we were indebted in this life?

The Reverend Richard Mansfield, D.D.

CHURCH HISTORY OF MANY YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN IN 1907

THE recent review by the Rev. George H. Buck, of St. James's church, as published in "The Sentinel," has suggested the following bit of history and reminiscence:

The original "Church of Christ in Derby" was formed about 1675, and like all the early churches in New England, was constituted on the basis of opposition to liturgical and prelatical observances as practiced by the Church of England. The early government was organized upon a religious foundation. The town government was the church government. The town records were the church records. The town voted to hire and pay the minister. The town voted to build the church and a house for the minister, and, for some sixty years after settlement, there was no other church in this region except the Independent or Congregational form. Many of the members had belonged to the English church in their early days at home, and on coming here attended this; some because of prejudice against the home church, and some because there was no other. Time, however, softened prejudices in some hearts and a love for the old church returned, and so it came to pass that, about 1740, there was a considerable movement towards the establishment of an Episcopal church. Here and there a Congregational minister broke away and went to England to receive Episcopal orders, and occasionally a young layman did the same, returning to engage in mission work or to be settled over a parish.

The first Episcopal churches were, in part, supported by the "Society," in England, "for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts," and, in 1737, this society appointed the

Rev. Jonathan Arnold, formerly a Congregational minister, a missionary for West Haven, Derby and Waterbury. He was succeeded by a Mr. Morris and he by Mr. Lyons, but no church was formed, these gentlemen holding services from time to time in private houses at different parts of their large territory. This continued some ten years until, in 1748, Richard Mansfield, who had received ordination at the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury in England, and who on his voyage thither had been followed by the fervent prayer of his family—rigid Congregationalists—that the vessel might sink rather than that he should live to embrace the liturgical faith, was appointed to the parish which included West Haven, Derby, Waterbury and Northbury (now Thomaston and Bristol), with headquarters at Derby.

The Rev. Daniel Humphreys, minister of the Puritan church at that time, was of "the old way" and a dissenter from the Saybrook platform, which allowed the baptism of children of non-members. The Episcopal church baptized any, upon the promise of someone to stand as sponsor and bring the child up in the faith, and upon this point and also in consequence of differences of opinion in regard to excitement of revival methods, there was a sort of stampede of both ministers and laymen to the Episcopal church.

It is a matter of record that when the Rev. Mark Leavenworth was ordained over the First church at Waterbury (Congregational) in 1740, he was required to furnish a bond in the sum of five hundred pounds to be paid to the society "if he should within twenty years from that time become a churchman," which fact shows that the good orthodox dissenters thought they had reason for alarm. It never became necessary, however, to call the bond, as the Rev. Mr. Leavenworth remained as minister of the church in Waterbury 57 years, until his death in 1797. He and Doctor Mansfield married sisters, daughters of Joseph and Sarah

Bennett Hull of Derby, and the two eminent divines were contemporary as ministers in their respective churches for fully fifty years.

The first church building for the Episcopalians was erected on the land where is now the Elm street cemetery, in 1742. Services were held in this primitive edifice some fifty-five years, until, in 1797, another church was built further south, opposite the present Gorman residence on Derby avenue. This was occupied until 1842, in which year the present elegant and dignified stone structure was erected, facing the green, and in which, for sixty-five years, the beautiful ritual and service of the Church of England have been conducted, and will continue to be, let us hope, for many years to come.

The several rectors have been: Mansfield, White, Blakeslee, Jewett, Scott, Ashley, Guion, Flagg, Coxe, Fuller, Brainerd, Chamberlain, Baldwin, Witherspoon and Buck, the latter's term just having reached twenty years, being the longest of any, Mansfield excepted. I can remember all, from Guion to Buck inclusive.

I was reared in the Congregational church of more than fifty years ago with all which that implies of animosity toward Episcopal church forms; to feebly illustrate which I need relate but one incident:

When I was a little boy, the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, who preached at the First church a short time, introduced chanting in the choir and—"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon"—the twenty-third psalm, beginning "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want" was actually chanted in the old Puritan church. It enkindled a fire that was not entirely extinguished for years, although discontinued very soon. The chanting of that beautiful psalm was looked upon as a long step towards Rome. If that were true, the congregation worshipping in the same church to-day, with its responsive reading and modified service and singing,

has made immense strides in that direction. Let us hope it may go further, and also let us hope that those dear mistaken souls of that long ago know better now and have repented of their intolerant orthodoxy.

As a boy, however, I was allowed to attend St. James's—albeit with manifest misgivings, on the part of my parents, as to its expediency—on Christmas eve, when the church, festooned and wreathed with ground pine, laurel and hemlock was, to my boyish eyes, accustomed to the austere and bare walls of the puritan meeting house, a veritable paradise. The organ, in those days, was in size and scope away beyond anything in the town, and, when played by Henry Smith or Miss Mary Smith or by Miss Mary Gates was, to me, more than would be to-day a whole symphony orchestra.

Although never for a moment disloyal to my more than two hundred years of New England puritan ancestry in reverence for plain church forms, yet I have always admired the Episcopal church. I like its beautiful ritual, its moderations, its conservatism, its general idea of the fitness of things, and greatly admire and respect St. James in particular with its nearly one hundred and sixty-five years of history within the limits of my native town.

Nearly forty years ago I invested twenty-five dollars in its chime of bells, the music of which I always hear with a satisfactory feeling of proprietorship, and consider it as having been a good investment. Furthermore, full forty years ago, on a bright October morning, I knelt at its altar rail and was united —" 'till death us do part," to one of Derby's daughters, a member of St. James's, by its then rector, Rev. N. H. Chamberlain, assisted by Rev. C. C. Tiffany, formerly my own pastor in the Congregational church, but who had afterward taken Episcopal orders. This I have always considered my very best investment. The partnership still holds and yields perennial and ever increas-

Saint James's Episcopal Church
Built in 1842

ing dividends. The stock is all preferred and there is none in the market.

I attended St. James's more or less regularly for a few years after this event. Then could be heard at nearly every service the deep bass response of David Beecher, together with the devout and very audible "Amens" of "Uncle" Levi Hotchkiss.

Here are the names of some members, given entirely from memory: Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Wakelee, (Mr. Wakelee with white hair and florid face, being very noticeable,) Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Shelton, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lewis, Mrs. Thomas Wallace and daughters, the Misses Rachel and Eliza Smith and Mrs. Lavinia Stoddard, three sisters, dear, delightful ladies of the old school aristocracy, whose brother, Sheldon Smith, founded Birmingham and gave the land upon which St. James's is built. So long as they were able, these three sisters at the approach of Christmastide insisted upon doing the entire work of decorating the chancel of their beloved church, and their hands skilfully wrought "the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary." Then there were the Misses Gracie, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Hull, the brothers Charles and Stephen G. Wilcoxson, with their wives; Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Clark, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus G. Birdseye, Mr. and Mrs. Fitch Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. P. Canfield, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Downs, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Hotchkiss, Almon P. Glover, Joseph Arnold, Miss Martha Burt, Miss Carrie Shelton, Mrs. Sanford, and many others.

> "Though dead they speak in reason's ear
> And in example live."

The descendants of many of these are to-day loyal and supporting members of St. James's. Though generations

pass organizations remain and this ancient church is, to-day, strong and more than ever a power for good in this community. Its former members, together with hundreds of those of other denominational faiths in the several churches in the town, have passed on. Let me express the hope that, although differing as to religious forms and ceremonies here on earth, they may meet in the great congregation of the "redeemed out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation" where the service shall be uniform, where no sects shall be known, but where all may unite in the great universal symphony of praise and song and where, albeit arriving by various routes, shall be for all the one heaven of peace and joy and rest.

OLD BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL

WRITTEN ABOUT 1907

DURING the years from 1850 to 1857 and I don't know how long previously, there taught in the Birmingham public school, in the old school building which stood where the Irving school now is, a man, who, more than any other in his day and generation, left his impress upon the minds and memories of his pupils. His name was George H. Stevens. I have no means of knowing whence he came, I only know that when I was fifteen years of age, which was in 1857, I attended his school one year, and that was his last year in Derby. In what I shall write in regard to this teacher and his school I have no data but such as memory supplies, and may be a year or so "off," which, if true, can make no difference with the story.

He was a remarkable man. I should say he was at that time about thirty years of age; bright, intelligent, alert; whether college bred I know not, but his knowledge of English branches, including surveying and geometry, united with a wonderful perception of human nature, was ample to qualify him as a teacher, and he had some very bright pupils. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, the rare faculty of being familiar and stern alternately, or as circumstances demanded.

At recess or intermission he often came out into the school yard and taught the boys "the manly art of self defense," in which science he himself was an adept, also wrestling, explaining the several "holds"; the standing jump, the running jump and other athletics, and during these occasions he was as one of the boys, addressing them as "Tom," "Bill," "Jim," "Dave"; but the moment the recess was

over, and all again in the school room, he was the stern, earnest teacher, and no boy ever made the mistake the second time of bringing any of the playground familiarity into the school room. One of his frowns would arrest it instantly and almost cause the offender's heart to stop also.

He seldom flogged; that is, it was not with him an every day occurrence, but when necessary he could perform that function to perfection. The same pupil seldom received two of his "lickings," having learned the lesson thoroughly in one, and the moral effect upon the witnesses was as that of a discourager of rule breaking or lesson shirking. Yet all loved and respected him. Of the several teachers from whom I received instruction I remember more of his personality than of all the rest together, and now, after almost fifty years, my recollection of this man is so clear and definite that it seems hardly twenty years, and of no other teacher, with one exception, do I remember anything except in a general way.

Many of his pupils are living, many are dead. Of the living let me name some of the boys from memory: Thomas S. Birdseye, William C. Atwater, Henry Atwater, Albert Nathan, A. E. Beardsley, John C. Reiley, William S. Brown, Harvey and Andrew Loomer, Thomas B. Whitney, Clarence Hubbard, Leonard Bradley, William F. Chatfield, Charles G. Burr, Oscar Hubbell, Oliver Blackman, Amos Wheeler, Henry W. Bassett, Edward Hawkins, David Burlock, James Wheeler, Charles Hubbard, Stephen and Frank Baldwin, Frederick W. Curtis, Robert O. Gates, Wilbur F. Osborne and Abijah H. Gilbert.

I am able to name as many girls. I realize that I am treading on dangerous ground in naming any. It is a long time since the middle of the nineteenth century and I hope I am not giving away any age secrets, but here goes: Jane DeF. Shelton, Helen and Estelle Smith, Fanny Lewis, Mary

Lewis (Mrs. Lincoln), Jane Reiley (Mrs. McDonald), Martha Loomer, Jane Summers, Nettie Birdseye (Mrs. Charles G. Burr), Jerusha Lewis (Mrs. Major Powe), Grace Beach (Mrs. J. W. Beach), Mary Burlock (Mrs. E. G. Stoddard), Jemima Wallace (Mrs. W. B. Wooster), Margaret Wallace (Mrs. Charles Hayes), Louise Birdseye, Mary B. Sherwood (Mrs. F. Hallock), Elizabeth P. Bassett (Mrs. Bradley), Sarah Hull (Mrs. DeForest), Emmeline B. Chatfield (Mrs. A. F. Sherwood), Ella Baldwin (Mrs. Charles M. Smith), Martha Newcomb (Mrs. Chauncey Ball), Fanny Hawkins (Mrs. ————), Mary Bunnell (Mrs. Curtis).

Of the dead I could name a much longer list of both sexes, but I forbear. I know that their living mates cherish their memory and will join me in singing "Peace and rest to their souls."

Miss Shelton will, I hope, pardon me when I state, without equivocation or mental reservation, that I remember her as being one of the brightest scholars in the school, and after reading some of her magazine articles and "The Salt Box House," am sure that her mental eye has not dimmed nor has her intellectual force abated. I remember a quartet, the members in a class by themselves, no others approaching them in the study, geometry. The four were Jennie Shelton, Hattie Osborne, Will Hubbard and Will Chatfield. I name them as we called them in those days, and their diagrams on the blackboard, right lines and plane surfaces, ellipse, hyperbola and parabola of conic sections, were to me, as a looker on—when doubtless I should have been engaged at my own lessons—a satisfying source of pride that we had such a double pair in the school, although I understood naught of it. Indeed, in those days my knowledge of naught was more ample than that of any other figure.

Two of the fellows who attended this school the same year

in which I did were Charley Burr and Oscar Hubbell. Both are still well known personalities in Derby and Shelton. Charley Burr had the blackest of eyes and hair. I saw him the other night. His eyes are still black, but something has bleached his hair.

They lived then, at White Hills, and drove a colt hitched to a homemade cart, a sort of partnership arrangement. They stalled their steed under the Congregational church shed during the day. They, like myself, spent the noon hour at the school house.

One noon Oscar proposed that I go with him to "Billy" Whitney's jewelry store, then located where Benham's shoe store now is, to buy a "goose-neck." I did not know what a goose-neck was until I reached the store, when I found it to be a gold hook shaped like a swan's neck, made to hook into a vest buttonhole as a fastener for a watch chain, for which purpose a bar is used in these latter days. Oscar had quite a liberal idea of what he wanted, and had informed me that he was willing to squander fifty cents "for a good one." Mr. Whitney laid out a tray of hooks. Oscar made a selection and upon asking the price was informed that this particular one had been marked down to the "low price of four dollars." Oscar dropped the hook back into the tray, looked at me despairingly and said: "Gosh! I guess goosenecks has ris." I met Oscar within the last two years. He was on a big team wagon on Main street. I was on the sidewalk, I said: "Hello, Oscar!" He replied: "How's goosenecks?" So much for the schoolboy memory.

I remember when I once had a narrow escape from Mr. Stevens' wrath. "Tom" Birdseye was my seat mate. I reached over to his desk for something and in so doing upset his ink bottle. It ruined a page of his 'book-keeping' and my hand, which struck the bottle, was blackened from finger tip to wrist. There was a commotion. Mr. Stevens came

to the spot. He asked Tom who did it, but Tom was too loyal to me to tell, so after asking several if it were they, he said to me, 'Sherwood, did you have any hand in it?' I had my inky hand under the desk. Like an inspiration, an idea came to me. I brought out the discolored member, held it up to his view and answered, 'Yes, sir. I had one hand in it.' That saved me. He bit his lip and with evident difficulty in restraining a smile, said, 'Go and wash it.' He never again alluded to the episode.

He used methods of punishment sometimes more effective than flogging. For instance, the victim in one case was Lowell Loomer, the offense I have forgotten, the punishment I remember. Mr. Stevens called him to his desk on the platform. With solemn face he brought from a cupboard in successive journeys, a coil of wire, pliers, a hammer and several other tools, as he laid each on the table giving Lowell an ominous look. When all was ready he removed his coat, looking alternately at the tools and the boy as if studying how to begin the torture. Just here the offender broke down and, with bellowings of terror, promised everything. This was sufficient and ended the punishment.

Emma Chatfield came one morning, a little late, and, wearing new shoes with heavy soles, made a noisy journey to her seat. As she reached the seat Mr. Stevens said, "Please go back and try to enter with less noise." She went out, abashed, probably angry, removed her shoes and in stockinged feet, shoes in hand, re-entered and glided noiselessly seatward. Mr. Stevens, with his blandest smile, said, 'That is right; come in like that every morning.'

We read in those days from one of the Standard readers. I don't know whether the 'National Preceptor' or 'Leavitt's,' but Mr. Stevens would lay these by and substitute some story or poem, one of which was Scott's 'Lady of the Lake.' Each pupil would read one of the long verses and was criti-

cised to the quick. We were drilled with reference to pronunciation, tone, inflections, modulation, until we were able to give the real sense of the poem. As a result of that drilling I can repeat to-day, whole cantos of Scott's noted work.

During this last winter of Mr. Stevens's stay, he organized and presented a school exhibition which took place in Nathan's hall. The program consisted of recitations, dialogues and possibly singing, but in my memory the crowning and overshadowing number was a rendering of 'The Combat,' from 'The Lady of the Lake,' between 'Fitz James' and 'Roderick Dhu,' represented respectively by Charley Hubbard and Frank Proctor. Frank, as 'Roderick,' clad in plaid kilt, in the altogether as to legs, and wearing a cap ornamented with quills; Charley, as 'Fitz,' arrayed in a cambric suit of green, also with cap and plume, each armed with a tremendous sword and a big tin shield.

In the scene where Roderick blows his whistle, calling from copse and heath nnmberless hidden warriors, there sprang from the wings five or six schoolboys, as said warriors, armed with axe, spear and bow. They gathered around Fitz, weapons poised, ready to do or dare when ordered, and, as Roderick, in tones chesty and cavernous, said:

"These are Clan Alpine's warriors true,
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu."

The effect was stunning and the applause deafening.

Since that time, I have seen Forrest, Booth, Irving and other noted actors in many of the great tragedies, but never have I witnessed anything which had one-half the effect upon me as did this when the seven by nine curtain fell, with Roderick and Fitz engaged in mortal combat, and the clashing of their swords still rings in my ears.

Mr. Stevens left Derby about 1857. Some time after,

perhaps within a year, William F. Chatfield received a letter from him. I think he was in Iowa. Said he was farming, that he had a pair of oxen, of which "one looked like Wells Piper, the other like the devil." I have an impression that he joined the army during the Civil war and that is the last information which I have in regard to him.

As I said at the outset, he left the impress of his personality upon his pupils, which will last as long as they shall last, and, it must be conceded that a man who could come a stranger and, during a stay of about ten years, make an impression which to-day, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, is deep in the memory of all his pupils, must have been endowed with extraordinary qualifications as a teacher of the young.

Just a paragraph in regard to teaching then and now. I am not one of those who declare that the former days were better than these—an opinion often held by men of my age. On the contrary, I feel that the world advances and the science of teaching in general and in the aggregate is away ahead of what it was in my day. Yet the fact remains that pupils, then, when leaving school, could spell and could also cipher in duodecimals. I state also for a fact that during the last ten years I have had under me in office work, several bright boys, hot from the high school. Their spelling would put a set of books 'out of business' and not one of them could multiply 6 feet 9 inches by 7 feet 3 inches except as he reduced the factors to inches, multiplied the results and then brought the amount back to feet and inches a long road, compared with the method in which I was taught to do the same thing from Greenleaf's arithmetic, under the caption 'duodecimals.'

WAS DERBY EVER A PART OF MILFORD?

IT seems to be a generally accepted opinion that the original Derby, or Paugassett, was once a part of Milford.

I believe this opinion to be wrong and will try to tell why I so believe.

Mr. Barber, in his "History of Connecticut" published in or near 1836, declares that Derby was originally a part of Milford but rests with that simple declaration, giving no satisfactory reason therefor. An old "History of Waterbury" states that that town was originally bounded on the south by Milford. As a result of these several statements it has come to be accepted in a semi-traditionary way as being true. It is perhaps of no material consequence either way except for the truth of history.

Mr. Orcott, historian of Derby, may be considered a disinterested party, and he proves conclusively, as I believe, that Mr. Barber was mistaken, and that the territory comprising the original town of Derby was never, until its erection into a town by the General Court, under any form of government except such as was exercised by the chiefs of the Indian tribes who possessed it previous to the advent of the white man.

The charter of Derby, granted by the General Court in 1675, bounds it "on the south by Two Mile Brook" and that brook is still its southern boundary.

The Patent of 1720 bounds original Derby as follows: "All the lands contained within these abuttments, viz. the line between Milford and Derby south, Pootatuck (Housatonic) river west, Woodbury and Waterbury dividing line northwest and northeast, and a line between Milford and

Derby on the east which line joyneth to the aforementioned south line at the brook aforesaid."

Milford was settled in 1639, and I had it from one who held the office of town clerk of Milford thirty consecutive years (my own uncle) that there is on Milford records no mention of any sale of land north of two mile brook. It is true that both Milford and New Haven wanted Paugassett (as it was first called), and also true that settlements much further away tried to set up a claim to it. John Wakeman of New Haven established a trading post here in 1642 and at once a protest was made to Gov. Theophilus Eaton by the Dutch on the Hudson River, that this was an infringement of their territory. His reply was a flat denial of their claims, and a clear insinuation for them to attend to their own business, and then it was that Milford and New Haven began to make an effort to take it into their respective jurisdictions.

In 1655 application was made to the General Court by the few families that had located here for Paugassett to be set up as a town.

Objections was made by both New Haven and Milford, Milford, in particular, basing her objections upon the fact that as she was "so shut in by New Haven on the east and the Housatonic river on the west, she would not have room to pasture cattle unless she be allowed to extend her territory northward."

Why should Milford wish to extend it if she already had it? These objections were finally overcome and it was regularly accepted as a village or plantation by the New Haven court, as appears by the records, and then shortly after, that decision was annulled. Why, we know not, but such is the record.

Notwithstanding this annulment, rates—or taxes—were collected by the General Court as coming from "Paugassett

Plantation" and not as a part of either Milford or New Haven.

A bounty was offered in these early days for the killing of wolves, and when Edward Wooster, one of the first—if not the first—real settlers and who lived at what is now the corner of Division Street and Derby Avenue—applied to the General Court to know of whom he should receive pay for seven wolves which he had killed at Paugassett, he was informed that "if Paugassett stand in relation to Milford as a part of them, then he is to receive his pay there, but if they stand as a plantation by themselves then, they themselves must bear it." It was agreed that both Milford and New Haven were benefited by the killing of the wolves and it was recommended to both the towns "to see what they would freely give him for his service in said killing," which goes to show that neither town claimed jurisdiction over Paugassett, else Wooster could have claimed the bounty as a right.

In those days every landholder was obliged to contribute towards the support of the Gospel. Those early settlers being of Puritan stock were God-fearing men and as such were regular church attendants. Milford being the nearest place at which a church was already established, they, naturally, attended there, and, of course paid their share of the church rates, but in no other way, so far as we can learn, did they contribute anything towards supporting the town. The Milford church took their rate money, but the town refused to pay the lawful bounty for the killing of wolves, and so it went on for about twenty years, the inhabitants of Paugassett not knowing where they were as a government. By that time the population of the plantation had grown until it comprised twelve families and upon assurance being given that they were able to support a minister, and also a signed petition addressed to the General Court at Hartford, (which

was the real Connecticut colony, having received a charter from the King of England, something that New Haven never had, it having been its own authority for government, until consolidated with the Connecticut colony at Hartford,) this court granted the petition May 8, 1678, and henceforth, as Derby, it knew whence was its authority as a town, although its eastern boundary was not exactly fixed until 1720.

The records of Derby, beginning in 1665, show that all the land bounded westerly by the Housatonic river, southerly by two mile brook, extending northerly about twelve miles, being about two miles wide from east to west on the southern part and about seven miles wide on the northern part, and embracing the present towns of Derby, Ansonia, Seymour and Oxford, was bought by the original settlers directly from the Indians, and in this paper the name Derby refers to the whole tract.

If Milford had any claim on it why were not the Indian deeds recorded there? It would seem that no further evidence would be necessary.

Some thirty years thereafter, viz. in 1704, Derby received a patent signed by John Winthrop, Governor, confirming its authority as a town, and fixing its bounds as follows; "Abutting on the bounds granted to the town of Milford southerly, on Puttatuck (Housatonic) river westerly, running in length northerly twelve miles to the lines of Waterbury and Woodbury, which is the northward and westward bounds." No mention is made in this patent of the easterly bounds, they being then still in dispute. Notice that the southerly bounds abut "on the grounds granted to the town of Milford," and which the records say are "Two Mile Brook," about which there was never any dispute and no scrap of writing exists on Milford records which relates to any land within the limits bounded by that Patent of 1704.

In 1720 another Patent signed by Governor G. Saltonstall was granted which gave the same bounds as did that of 1704, and besides, fixed the easterly bounds as running from Waterbury line south to two mile brook.

Every part of the land from two mile brook to Waterbury was bought from the Indians in separate pieces from time to time and all deeds recorded on Paugassett, or Derby, records. It would be difficult to explain why, if any part of this was claimed by Milford, the record was not made there as a record of real estate made in another jurisdiction is not a legal record and sales of land which lie in two towns are recorded in both to make sure.

One more item of proof. In 1674, as recorded in Waterbury Land records, a tract of land was purchased of the Indians at Mattatuck, now Waterbury and Naugatuck, "ten miles in breadth and six in length bounded south and partly on the west by Paugassett." Why not Milford (?) and this away back in 1674.

The fact that Waterbury was originally bounded on the south by Milford does not in the least interfere with the statement that Derby was never a part of Milford as Milford originally included Orange, Woodbridge and Bethany.

Waterbury originally included Naugatuck, and as Naugatuck is now bounded in part by Bethany it follows that Waterbury was bounded in part by Milford. A glance at the Map of New Haven County will make this perfectly clear.

Now, in conclusion, reverting to a statement made near the beginning of this paper that perhaps it is of no material consequence whether or not Derby was ever a part of Milford, yet truth established by facts recorded at the time of their recurring is better than fiction, better than myth, even better than tradition, and it often happens that a little research will entirely change the status of tradition the truth of which may have been accepted for generations.

The Home of Deacon Daniel Bennett

The "Bennett House" built by Yelverton Perry about 1721, and sold by him to Nathan Bennett in 1736. His son Deacon David Bennett was the grandfather of Commodore Isaac Hull, and the mother of Commodore Hull was born in this house. Here also were entertained the Duc de Lauzun and his officers, a part of Lafayette's army, when the French troops passed through Huntington to join Washington at West Point after their encampment on Derby Hill during the war of the Revolution.

The house stood on Centre Street, Shelton, until it burned down in 1890.

FIRST BRIDGE OVER THE HOUSATONIC

ONE of my earliest recollections is that of a big rambling red house on the west side of the Housatonic river, near the glen that leads up to Indian Well. Tradition said that this house was built by Thomas Leavenworth who was the ancestor of all the Leavenworths in Derby and vicinity, also those of that name in Waterbury.

The first ferry was established at this point in or near 1775. The Derby end of the ferry was at "Old Field" a level tract of land on the river bank above Derby Neck.

In 1790 it is recorded that "the town will affore the building of a bridge at Leavenworth Ferry". Notwithstanding this, a bridge was built and must have remained about forty years, as we read that in 1831 it was removed and rebuilt about a mile below, where the present bridge connects Derby and Shelton, by David Judson and Philo Bassett.

There is very little to be found in records about this Leavenworth Bridge, but I have seen the ruins of the middle pier and the two end abutments. Abutments, pier and "Old Field" itself are now under many feet of water, caused by the building of the Ousatonic dam about sixty years ago.

It was said that the old red house was used as a tavern through several generations of Leavenworths. Edmond Leavenworth a descendant of the first Thomas was born in 1776 and lived in Derby and in Huntington until his death in 1856, aged 90. As a boy he worked for his father who had a ship yard at that place and built many small vessels. Edmond also tended the ferry. He is said to have possessed a classical vocabulary of profanity even when a boy and this story is told of him.

One dark rainy night he was aroused by shouts on the

eastern shore made by someone who wanted to cross the river. Edmond got out his boat and labored across bringing his passenger over, and on both trips made the storm vocal by the exercise of his accomplishment of swearing to the limit. On arrival at the western shore this passenger, who till then had remained silent, modestly inquired of Edmond:

"Do you know who I am?"

"No," said Edmond, "nor do I care a blank."

"I am the minister at Huntington Center."

Edmond, nonplussed for the moment, soon gathered himself and replied, "Well parson, I dew swear some, and you pray some, but we don't either of us mean anything, do we?"

He lived in Huntington the greater part of his life where he was selectman thirteen successive years. He came to Derby in 1826 and died about 1856. He kept the tavern where the old Mansion house now stands. He was a very old man when I was a very little boy and was universally known by the soubriquet of 'Uncle Ed'.

His life together with my own connects me with the first ferry and the first bridge across the Housatonic River. This bridge antedated the Stratford bridge by many years, and I believe it to have been the first bridge across the Housatonic in Connecticut.

The vessels built at this early ship yard were small, not more than 60 or 80 tons, but they went back and forth between Derby and the West Indies with little danger, and a very important part of their cargoes was rum. A paper which I have gives manifests of many of these cargoes.

May 6, 1791	"Schooner Lark"	400 gal. rum
May 31, 1791	"Sloop Nancy"	978 gal. rum
In 1792	Other vessels	7311 gal. rum
May 18, 1793	"Schooner Huldah"	1924 gal. rum
July 2, 1794	"Schooner Eagle"	14 hogsheads rum

Of course these manifests showed other items of cargo

but rum was prominent. According to the population at that day there seems to have been a big demand for that article and no scarcity. All of the above named vessels were built at the Leavenworth yard, and doubtless their cargoes were unloaded at Derby Narrows below, but also doubtless some went up to the bridge, and Santa Croix and Jamaica rum went over the Fairfield county hills, and across Leavenworth bridge to go over Great Hill to the settlements beyond, and it is a safe guess that quantities also were consumed at the Old Red House Tavern.

THE LAUNCHING

AS one who was born and raised in Derby, I am always interested in the reminiscent articles which appear occasionally in the "Sentinel" from the pen of Edwin Hallock, and have thought that perhaps I might be able to awaken a little interest in the same line.

The first thing that comes to my recollection is the launching of vessels from the old ship yard during my boyhood days. The business was carried on by Z. and I. Hallock, brothers, who came to Derby from Long Island, full fledged ship carpenters, and every vessel built by this firm was rated as A1 on account of its reputation for honest work and sound timber. The old yard was a busy place before the Naugatuck railroad was built, and when the right of way was granted to build the railroad across the docks between the shipyard and the river, the stipulation was made that whenever there should be a vessel ready for launching, the trestle bridge must be taken down sufficiently to admit of her passage to the river.

The ship yard was a famous playground for us boys in those days, and we watched a vessel from the laying down of her keel, up through all the various stages; the setting of the giant ribs, planking of the sides and deck, calking of the seams, setting of the mast and rigging, painting, until finally, she stood some fine morning ready for the plunge into the river—the consummation of all our patience and longing, for which we had waited all these months and which was, for us, the end of all interest in the vessel. Whenever the announcement was made that on a certain day, a launching was to take place, and as the hour approached, the docks and their vicinity would be thronged by people, many coming for miles to witness the great event.

The scene is vivid in my memory. The bosses Hallock giving orders in all directions, the men giving final touches to everything, some greasing the ways upon which the vessel was to slide to the river, others carefully examining their supports to ensure that they were strongly blocked up and stayed. The railroad men under direction of a vigilant and insistent overseer taking down a section of the railroad bridge, until finally when the tide was nearly at its height and all was ready, the order was given, and the resounding blows of hammers were heard knocking out the blocks, thereby allowing the vessel to settle her weight upon the ways.

Oh, the excitement and exhilaration to us boys who were on board, not satisfied to see the launching from outside, and were about to experience that for which we had so long waited; and as the blows continued and the boat, with snapping and groaning of timbers, finally settled to her bed, she started very slowly down the incline continually increasing speed and momentum, plunged into the Housatonic and glided across the river nearly to the opposite bank, or until brought up by the anchor, which had been dropped as her bow reached the water, and the ringing racket made by the paying out of the chain as it gradually lessened her way, was the sweetest music I ever heard.

The old shipyard is deserted, the brothers Hallock long years ago went on to the great majority, the site is used for coal yards and nothing remains but the memory in the minds of those still living who knew it in its busy and prosperous days.

Mr. Hallock's reminiscences of the old lecture room, or meeting room, over the store, also set me thinking. I have attended, literally, hundreds of meetings in that upper room, where the sheep sat on the right hand and the goats on the left, and where the kids used often to cast sly glances over at the lambs. I never had much love for the old room in

my younger days, in fact, I was suffering from too much church going, a disease rare now, but then quite prevalent. The Sabbath began Saturday night, and its effect was very depressing. I have often drawn my old sled under the wood shed, bidding it good-bye till Monday, when it seemed as if a black pall had settled down over the world.

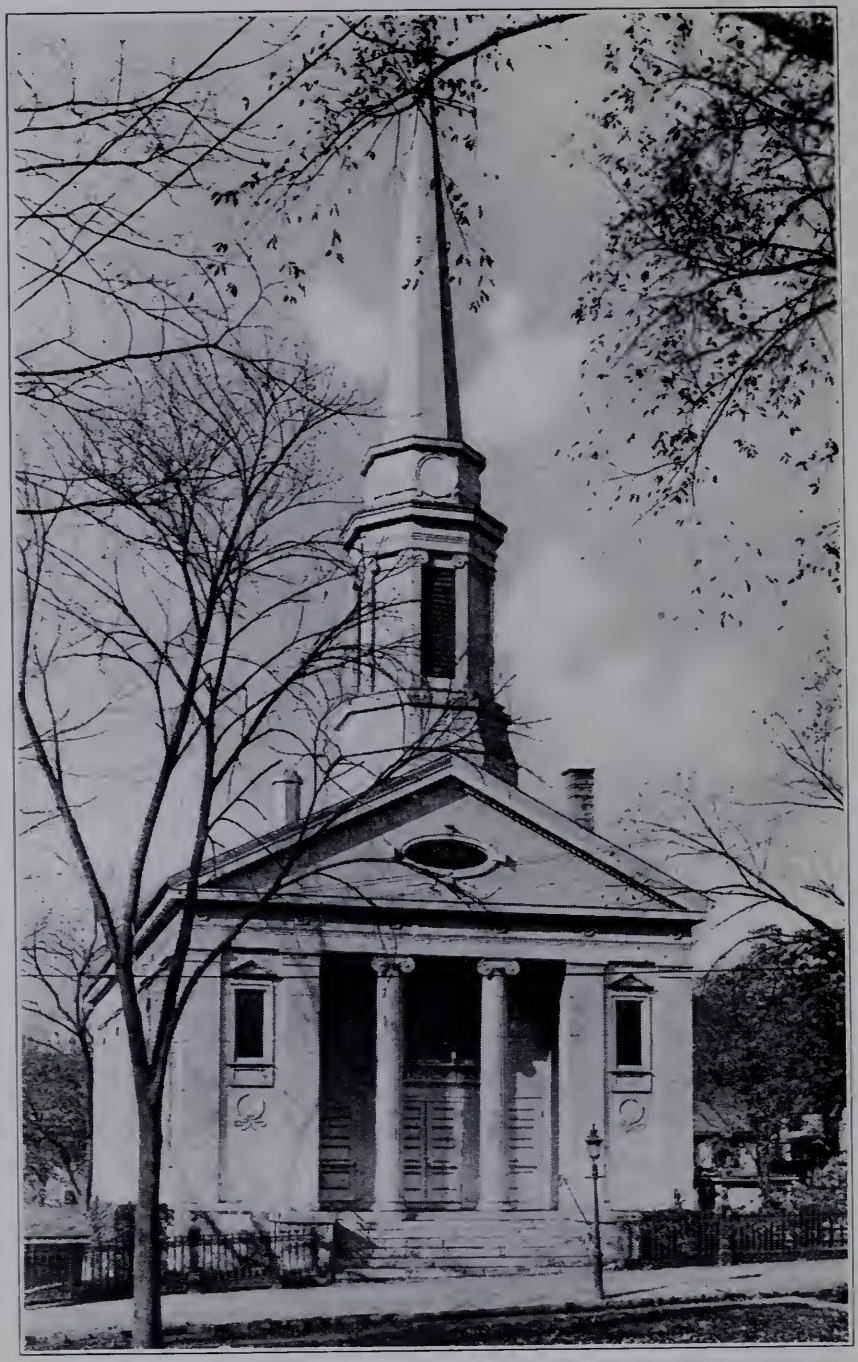
On Saturday night we studied and recited the Westminister "Shorter" Catechism, and I remember that I used to wonder what the "longer" one must be, if there were any. It commenced with the question, "What is the chief end of man?" and went through all the doctrines of election, predestination, foreordination, effectual calling, eternal punishment and some other cheerful and encouraging subjects. Our Saturday night culture was sometimes varied by the Commandments. I could say them all when very young, although not always fully grasping their meaning. For instance, in the fourth. "The Lord made the heavens and the earth, and the sea and all that in the miz." I could understand, in a way, the heavens and the earth and the sea, but the "miz" remained for years a satisfying but misunderstood proposition.

On Sunday morning we attended church—carrying a few cookies in our pockets, all of which were usually eaten before our arrival—Sunday-school right after morning service, then, with a very short intermission, came afternoon service with another long sermon. This ended, we went home to dinner about 3 o'clock, and, during the interval between that and the evening prayer meeting, we were allowed—or rather expected—to read some pleasing tract on the subject of "the way of the transgressor," "the fearful doom of the impenitent," or some similar cheerful publication, and, after this long tiresome day, when at that prayer meeting, good old Deacon Osborne, standing like a guide post with outstretched hands and closed eyes, would say in the most solemn tones,

"Boys, if you are good, you will go to heaven when you die and enjoy one eternal Sabbath," I, with the overwhelming consciousness of the slow passing of the previous twenty-four hours, said mentally, "I do not want it, the Sabbath is too long now."

This is as it appeared to me at ten or twelve years of age. Looking back upon it now after the lapse of fifty years, I can see that it was all good discipline. To say nothing about the religious side, it was conducive of good from the moral and physical point of view. Fifty years ago the observance of Sunday was almost as rigid as it was when the Pilgrims landed 230 years before. Then the man who did not habitually attend church was the exception. Now, after the rush and swift progress of those fifty years, the great majority—I have heard it estimated as high as seventy per cent.—do not go to church at all. And this in New England. "Another king" has arisen "which knew not Joseph," and the pendulum has swung away over to the other extreme.

The influence of the Puritan Sabbath observance, however, still remains, and as such is an anchor which, let us hope, will hold so that the remembrance of it may not perish from the earth.



The Second Congregational Church
Built in 1846

SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

THE exercises incident to the ordination of Rev. Vernon W. Cooke as a minister of the gospel, and which took place in the Second Congregational church of Derby, on Friday, December 18, were of unusual interest to me.

I was born in Derby, in 1842, and lived in that town fifty-five years, leaving it some seventeen years ago.

As I sat in the church during the services, my thoughts ran backward across the years and memory was busily reminiscent. The church was built in 1846 by Hotchkiss, Clark & Co., the members of this firm being Lewis and Willis Hotchkiss, brothers, together with Merritt Clark.

It is somewhat of a coincidence that the first preacher should also be a Rev. Mr. Cooke. His ministry was of short duration, and, following him as the first installed pastor was the Rev. Charles Dickinson. I remember him well, as I do also every minister of that church, for although not an attendant at that church, yet the town was then not so large in population but that I knew personally almost every one of prominence within its boundaries.

This church was an offshoot from the old First church on the east side, and it must have cut into the membership of the old church very seriously, when sixty of its members withdrew to form the new church, and have required at least a modicum of grace for the Rev. George Thatcher, pastor of the old church to preach the sermon at the organizing of the new one.

Following Mr. Dickinson as pastors were the Rev. Zachary Eddy, Rev. C. C. Carpenter, Rev. Stephen S. Mershon, Rev. Charles F. Bradley. As stated supplies between regular pastorates were Rev. J. Wiley, D.D., Rev. Roland S. Williams, Rev. John Willard, and others whose names I

do not now recall, down to that of Rev. Mr. Alexander, the immediate predecessor of the present new minister.

I remember well many of the deacons of this church of those years, George W. Shelton, Truman Gilbert, Henry Somers, E. G. Atwood, Samuel M. Gardner, father of the present deacon Robert S. Gardner, David Bassett and Joseph Tomlinson, and, as I sat in the church, their names and faces came before me as well defined as though they were present. Names and faces also of others, regular attendants and contributors, Lyman L. Loomer, Sharon Bassett, Asa Bassett, David Nathan, Dr. Martin B. Bassett, Alva Bunnell, Garry Smith, Charles Tomlinson, Morgan Curtis, William W. Naramore, Sidney A. Downes, Thomas Burlock, Frederick Hull, Lewis Hotchkiss and many others. I wondered greatly, if these men of forty to sixty years ago had been present in the flesh, how they would have received the young candidate's statement of belief as read to the council. I feel sure that Deacons George W. Shelton and David Bassett would have insisted that he be more explicit in regard to his ideas of the Trinity, that they would have demanded categorical answers to questions they would put in regard to predestination, total depravity, vicarious atonement, infant baptism, endless punishment, a personal devil, and other fundamentals of the Congregational church of a half century ago, and I fear that had this council been composed of those who passed the Rev. Charles Dickinson for installation sixty-eight years ago, the candidate would not have been ordained that day.

But 1914 is not 1846, and the fact that this bright, intelligent young candidate was passed for ordination by the unanimous vote of a council composed of pastors and delegates from the very churches in the valley which decided upon the qualifications of would-be divines in the severely orthodox long ago, proves that evolution in matters of religious belief is just as certain as is evolution in things material, and I doubt not this church is just as productive of good in that

community as it was in the earlier years of its existence, serving as effectually now as then, its day and generation.

Away back in those days the Sunday schools of the two Congregational and Methodist churches held union children's services tri-monthly alternating in the several churches. Hymns were sung and addresses made, and stories told by John W. Osborn, George W. Cheesman, Deacon Atwood and others, of children, precociously pious, who were too good for this world and were generally removed out of it very early. These meetings were well attended, and as entertainment for the children, I believe them to have been more profitable than the Sunday picture shows of to-day.

There was a sort of healthy rivalry as to the membership in the several schools, the reports of the respective superintendents showing the Methodist school with the largest number of scholars, while the two Congregational schools were pretty evenly balanced. I remember when, at one of these Sunday school union meetings, Mr. George W. Shelton, superintendent of the Birmingham (now the Second) Congregational school, was a little behind in his reported average attendance for the preceding three months and gave as an excuse that "We have had several rainy Sabbaths," we boys of the east side as well as those of the Methodist school couldn't exactly see that we hadn't also been given just as many wet Sundays as had his school. We didn't follow up this question however, being satisfied to lead, at least for once, in numbers.

Before Nathan's hall (now Gould Armory) was built, the basement of this church was used for public entertainments, political and town meetings. The first time I ever saw Tom Thumb he was exhibited in this basement by P. T. Barnum, and it stands out in memory as one of the big entertainments of my boyhood days.

I have in my possession an old yellow hand bill which announces a political meeting to be held in the basement

of the Congregational church, to be addressed by Charles Chapman of Hartford, and on a Saturday night at that, which in those days was very near Sunday. This was in 1848, during the presidential campaign which culminated in the election of General Zachary Taylor to the presidency. The announcement closes with the prophecy that, "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether will give for us and our country a complete Whig victory." The prophecy was fulfilled and "Old Zach" elected. I was six years old and just remember this election and can very distinctly recall the black-bordered newspaper when he died in 1850.

In the mental process of reminiscence at the meeting it was borne in upon my senses that I must be growing old, when I saw the Rev. Benjamin W. Bacon, D.D., who gave the charge to the people, grey-headed and venerable, and I remember that I heard his father the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon and also his grandfather the Rev. Leonard Bacon preach in the old Derby church years ago, I said to myself, is it possible that I can remember three generations of this notable Connecticut family, the youngest of these grey-headed, and still be enjoying the best of health and only feeling my age by the record of its years?

The sixty men and women who composed the membership of this church at its organization with many more of the later additions have passed away. We fully trust that they have been united with that great host, which during all the ages has thronged the shining way that leads to the many mansions of their Father's house. Their descendants and successors in its membership still support and carry on its functions and ministrations; to-day laying less stress upon the death of the Master, and more upon His wonderful life with its matchless precepts and unrivaled example; believing less in dogma, more in works, yet, with "One Lord, one faith, one baptism"; hoping with no less desire for the final fruition of completeness and satisfaction.

SMALL TOWN ELECTIONS

AN old yellow handbill lies on my desk as I write. It is headed by a dreadful woodcut of an impossible eagle with the traditionary scroll in his beak and a bunch of alleged arrows in his claws. It reads:

"Freemen! Voters!!
The day, the hour has arrived when
your country calls to action.

"Charles Chapman of Hartford will address the freemen of this vicinity on Saturday evening, Nov. 4, in the basement of the Congregational church, and lay before them arguments in favor of the great principles advocated by the great whig party. Let no whig be absent, but show to the state that New Haven county is undivided in defending her great national interests.

"Give him a full house, and on Tuesday next a full and increased vote at the polls, a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether' will give for us and our country a complete victory."

Charles Chapman was then a lawyer in Hartford, an eloquent political speaker in his day. He was a member of the thirty-second Congress for the First, or Hartford, district in 1851-2.

This old handbill is a very interesting relic and tells us the story of the politics of sixty years ago. The meeting to be held in the basement of the church was a presidential campaign meeting, as the handbill mentions Saturday as "Nov. 4" and refers to the next Tuesday as the day of the election, but the year is not stated. Now let us see if we can find it.

In those days Connecticut state elections were held on the first Monday in April, and presidential elections took place, as they now do, on the Tuesday following the first Monday in November. I happened to know that the church in which this meeting was held was built in 1846 and, therefore, this election could not have been earlier than 1848.

The first presidential election in which republicans participated took place in 1856, and as this was a whig election it must have been either in 1848 or 1852. By making a calculation backwards we find that Nov. 7, 1852, was on Sunday, and Nov. 7, 1848 was on Tuesday, and so, we know for a certainty that the year of this meeting was 1848, with General Zachary Taylor as the whig candidate, pitted against General Lewis Cass as that of the democrats.

It reads strange in these days, that a political meeting should have been held in a church prayer-meeting room, and on Saturday night at that, as I know, from personal experience and memory that Saturday night was very near Sunday, and was observed as such by many. It was the last rally of the campaign and on the following Tuesday was to be made the desperate effort at the polls which should "give the country a complete whig victory."

History tells us the prophecy was correct and when the votes were counted and the returns in, "Old Zach" had received 163 electoral votes to 127 for Cass.

The voter of twenty-one years, of that day, if now living, is eighty-three, and it is probable that there are some living in the Naugatuck valley today who voted for "Old Zach." If any, this number is small and they are feeble, while the old handbill is as fresh and young, apparently, as if printed yesterday.

I was six years old in 1848 and just remember the election of General Taylor, and distinctly recall seeing the black-

bordered newspapers when he died in 1850. I was ten years old at the next presidential election when General Winfield Scott, as a whig, ran against Franklin Pierce as a democrat, and retired from the contest one of the worst beaten of all presidential candidates, having received but forty-two electoral votes in the whole country. That was the last election for the old whig party.

I remember that election as if but yesterday. I went with my father to the polls and stayed all day. It was in the basement of a church also, that voting was done.

Down to 1840, the tariff had been almost the sole "issue" between the old parties and there were about as many whigs in the south as in the north. But the slavery question arose and, agitated by the abolitionist, grew rapidly, until the old whig party, the party of Daniel Webster in the north and Henry Clay in the south, split on that question and, before the election of 1856 was due, the new republican party was born, having for its avowed purpose resistance to the further extension of slavery, and the lines were drawn upon that issue between the free and slave states.

The new party was defeated in its first election in 1856, but in 1860, owing to the fact that the democratic party was split into three factions, one of these augmented largely by southern whigs, it triumphed by the election of Abraham Lincoln with the consequent result of the great civil war and final extinguishment of slavery. All this is history within my own recollection, and therefore to me remains all the more vividly fixed.

In those days the machinery of elections was not complicated. Nearly every one went to the polls and remained all day. The town clerk called the meeting to order, some prominent citizen was elected moderator and as such was also box tender. There was no check list—every voter was

known and voted without let or hindrance, although occasionally a vote might be challenged. There were no hacks to bring out the voters. They brought themselves. You couldn't have kept them home. It was a short job to count the votes and the result was announced to the waiting voters within an hour of poll closing, although in a presidential election the general result might not with certainty be known for weeks.

The Connecticut town was a little republic in itself. It wasn't obliged to go to the legislature for permission to spend its own money. It just laid its taxes and spent the money, and if the selectmen thought best to borrow, they did so upon their own orders, which bore interest and were eagerly sought after as investments.

The annual town meeting was a simple affair. I remember as a boy being present at several. A moderator appointed, the warning read by the clerk, short reports of selectmen, collector and treasurer, election of officers by ballot, tellers passing round the hat and collecting the names on slips of paper. The whole election of selectmen, town clerk, collector, treasurer, constables, grand jurors, assessors and board of relief was finished and declared within two hours. Then the business was taken up and finished, tax laid and all before noon. And there was often a lot of fierce argument, too, on questions of taxes and economy.

If there was any grafting in those days, I never heard of it. There were no printed, itemized reports of officials, the short report being made of so much for roads, so much for poor, miscellaneous so much, and yet I venture the assertion that the first selectman, who often held that position for many consecutive terms, was as careful and conscientious in spending the town's money as if it were his own, although probably his books were never balanced nor the collector's either, for that matter; the town treasurer's report—usually

he was some bank man—being the only intelligible report for the year.

A grafter or defaulter in town money would have been driven from among men, which shows that a high standard of public opinion as regards moral character and probity is as good a safeguard as can be any system of checks and balances however complicated. Doubtless there were rogues in every community but they were known as such and but seldom elected to offices of trust.

THE PASSING OF THE HOUSATONIC RIVER SHAD

ABOUT the middle of April in each year, and, as regularly as the equinox, somewhere from the ocean's depths comes the shad through Long Island sound and enters the rivers of Connecticut. In so doing he is following nature's instincts for the reproduction of his species. He—and this pronoun covers all sexes of shad in the abstract—follows the course of the river towards its sources, just as far as he has water to cover him till he finds the shallow rapids with their sandy bottom on which bottom millions of eggs are deposited, which eggs the laying mother leaves to their fate, turning tail, swims down the river to its mouth, out into the sound, thence again to the ocean depths, to return the next season and repeat the performance.

This process requires about two months, and if there were nothing to hinder the shad in this annual maneuver and nothing to destroy the young fry which in due time hatch from the myriads of eggs deposited, the annual return of the fish would in its quantity block the mouth of the river, but each fish that enters the river takes his life in his hands so to speak, and, unknown to himself, is running the gauntlet of a line of nets from the river's mouth to the final rapid shallows, and thousands of the beautiful fish are captured, and—broiled or fried—grace the tables of the denizens of Connecticut to be by them devoured with satisfaction.

Of course other states have their rivers, and each river its own particular run of shad, all more or less good, but just now we have to do with the real Connecticut shad, the king of them all. At the present day the Connecticut river furnishes most of the Connecticut shad. Years ago the Hous-

Sugar Street and the Housatonic River

atonic teemed with this toothsome fish from mid April to mid June, but the building of the big dam above Derby, about sixty years ago, was the beginning of the decline in their numbers, until today there is not a shad seine on the river where formerly they were owned and hauled, at intervals of distance, from Stratford to New Milford.

There is a Connecticut statute which insists that the building of a fishway shall be one of the prerequisites for damming a river, and when the Housatonic dam was built a "fishway" was also constructed. If a fish ever passed through this "way" such fact has never been demonstrated, but nevertheless a loosely drawn law was satisfied. The water company dammed the river and the fishermen from Derby to New Milford henceforth thereafter dammed the dam. The shad continued for many years to ascend the river in springtime, till stopped by the dam. The tide rises and falls as far as this dam. Nature has demonstrated that no proper spawning grounds can exist in tide water for shad. The government established artificial fish hatcheries, and for a few years millions of shad fry were turned into the river with the object of keeping up the supply of this splendid food fish. Notwithstanding these efforts the amount of fish returning to this river became each year less and still less, until the Housatonic shad fishing is a thing of the past.

Perhaps however, had the river been allowed to remain uncontaminated the fish might also have remained in spite of the dam. The floods of sewage poured into the Housatonic in these latter days from the Naugatuck valley with its 200,000 population, together with the tons of acids from the brass mills of the same valley have produced a combination of liquid into which no self-respecting shad would allow himself to enter. Nor would any self-respecting human allow himself to eat such shad should he enter it, and be caught.

One important fishing place was that owned and operated

by Morgan Curtis at or near where was afterward built the extensive works of the Derby Paper Mills on the Shelton side. Mr. Curtis for many years caught hundreds of shad and during the season carried on quite a profitable business. Samuel Morse swept the river with his nets opposite, and a little below, the Derby docks. One of the most important shad privileges was located about a half mile below the two mile island. It was called Boar Hollow. It was owned by William Thomas usually called "Bill," who lived in a large house still standing near the river bank.

Another fishing place was called Oregon, situated about two miles below the former, and managed by a kind man and fine type of citizen, Elihu Moulthrop or "Uncle Ellie" as he was called, as conscientious and fair dealing a man as ever lived. I have often driven down to this fishing place. It was reached by turning in off the Stratford road at Stephen T. Palmer's place and driving perhaps half a mile to the river. It was my father's custom each year at the height of the shad season when they could be bought for about fifteen cents each, to go down here and buy sixty shad to salt and the barrel of salt shad was an adjunct to our home supplies as surely as was the pork barrel. I remember once on going down after our annual supply, I found Uncle Ellie short one man and at his request I undertook to fill the fourth dimension. We made two hauls and caught sixty-four shad. My share was eight which Mr. Moulthrop allowed me although I had been of very little help. I bought the rest of the lot. This was my one and only experience at shad fishing but I have never forgotten Uncle Ellie's kindly face and gentlemanly bearing.

And right here is suggested a short dissertation upon the "high cost of living." I paid Uncle "Ellie" Moulthrop fifteen cents each for those 54 shad, and lest I be accused of using an old man's habit of telling big stories of the former

days, I'll bring witnesses and bet that Hen Spencer, Eddie Peck, Dr. Phillips and Dr. Shelton, all dear old time citizens, will say that they have bought four pound shad for a quarter each. I certainly have done so, and in these days the fish merchant has the air of one doing me a great favor when he lets me have one for $2 right in the shad season. I must have one occasionally, whenever by economy I can save up money enough, for sake of long ago memories of this delectable fish.

"NATHAN'S HALL"

IN the year 1836 Anson G. Phelps of New York, the founder of the now great commercial metal house of Phelps, Dodge & Co., built a copper mill on the site where now stands the factories formerly of the A. H. & C. B. Alling Co. This mill was the nucleus of all the copper and brass industry of the lower Naugatuck valley. Eight years later, in 1844, Mr. Phelps enlarged his business by building the copper mill at Ansonia, and in 1854, sold his Birmingham mill and merged its business with that of the Ansonia mill. The original Ansonia copper mill is still standing. It is a low stone building on Main street, and remains in its first proportions, surrounded by the many brick buildings which comprise a part of the great plant of the Ansonia branch of the American Brass Co.

Among the first operatives in these mills were two brothers, David and Isaac Nathan, natives of Wales, who were brought up in the knowledge of copper manufacture in their own country and were induced by Mr. Phelps to take up their home in the new country, and by their experience help him in his new enterprise. Both these were respected citizens of Derby for many years, and by practice of their native thrift and economy acquired a competence. Almost entirely without education, hardly able to read or write, they yet developed a shrewdness in business matters which enabled them to compete with those sagacious men who built up the manufacturing establishments, and other enterprises that have made of the little village of Derby Narrows the associated cities of today with their 40,000 population and a combined grand list of more than $30,000,000. Isaac left the copper mill and went into the manufacture of hoop skirts, an industry carried on

very largely in Birmingham during the sixties and which furnished employment for a long term of years to thousands of the people of Derby. The firm of I. Nathan & Son was one of the largest of these. When the hoopskirt passed out of fashion, never, as we hope, to return, Isaac and family went to the west, to St. Louis, and never returned.

David invested his savings in real estate. His first venture was the purchase of a lot on the south side of Main street between Minerva and Elizabeth streets, which lot was a slope so steep that it seemed impossible that any building could be erected on it that could be utilized successfully. On this he erected a building, three stories in the front, and six stories in the rear, which carried it down to the old copper mill raceway.

The under stories were used as tenements and accommodated many families. The first front story was built for stores, the second for offices and the third and most important was used for an auditorium which at the time it was built was a marvel for size and up-to-date convenience. Previous to this time, about 1850, all shows, town meetings and public gatherings had to be held in the basements of the several churches, but henceforward "Nathan's Hall" was the great meeting place for all these and was in almost constant demand. Theatrical companies made their bookings for Birmingham's capacious hall, and its for that time large stage supported celebrities in the dramatic, musical and minstrel art who drew the eager crowds in throngs. Its walls have echoed to the notes of the great prima donna Clara Louise Kellogg who made her first public appearance here as a little girl. With a basket of flowers on her arm, as a pupil of one Mr. Phoebus who had a singing class during the winter and whose teaching culminated in a benefit concert in this hall, she sang a simple little ditty entitled "Come Buy My Little Roses Red." I heard this; and many years later, after she had received a musical education in Europe and had delighted thousands in

the principal cities in Europe and in this country, she came back and gave a concert as a gift to her fellow townsfolk in Derby, and with her full, rich, educated voice filled that hall with music such as it had never before nor has it ever since held. This also I heard.

The ornate and scholarly George William Curtis lectured here. Wendell Phillips with elegance of diction and grace of oratory here launched his fiercely terrible philippics against the southern slaveholder with a vehemence and eloquence which has never been surpassed. Here Henry Ward Beecher poured forth the mighty thoughts of his brilliant brain, in ringing sentences, and with a force that burned itself into the very souls of his hearers.

From this platform, also, John B. Gough uttered his scathing arguments against the liquor traffic and its results in language so eloquent and with illustrations so forcible as to sway his audience, now to tears, now to laughter. Also many other noted speakers. There were several seasons of high class concerts, vocal and instrumental. These together with the lectures all produced by George C. Allis, the highly respected veteran citizen of Derby, still in the harness at the age of 88. Let me say right here that I am fearful I am arriving at an age when there seems to be no more such public speakers, and I wonder if it is my fancy, or, if in truth the age of real oratory has given place to the matter of fact and the commonplace in statement.

There were also dances and balls galore, W. W. Smith, "Billy" as everybody called him, director and prompter. Then flourished the square dances, cotillion, lancers, Caledonians, contra dances, Virginia Reel, Money Musk, etc.—and the round dances, the graceful waltz, the polka and schottische. "Them days is gone forever." The hugging matches of the day have wriggled and writhed, and wriggled and wobbled and twisted the old time dances off the floor. More's the pity!

In this hall were held the town meetings before the division of the old town of Derby, those momentous assemblings in which were decided the yearly affairs of the little republic which indeed each New England town is. I recall debates upon the subject of public economy and taxation, often stirring, between such old time citizens as Lyman L. Loomer, Fitch Smith, Sidney A. Downs, Egbert Bartlett, Charles Durand, Joseph H. Remer, Henry Whipple, Edward N. Shelton, Horace Casterline, Wm. B. Wooster, Wm. E. Downs, D. W. Plumb, David Torrance and many others whom I might name, all long ago passed beyond the shadows, all in their day good men and true and deeply interested in the best good of the old town.

Town, state, and national elections were held here for about thirty years or until the erection of the borough building, now the city hall, and in election campaigns many noted speakers of national reputation and of both parties harangued the multitudes. John A. Bingham, of Ohio, and James A. Garfield are two of those whom I distinctly remember, the latter of whom had then no suspicion that he should, years after, be elected president and perish by the assassin's bullet. There were stirring meetings here during the Civil war when the people of Derby gave thousands of dollars and nearly fifty per cent. of her voting population to assist in maintaining an unbroken country.

In those days there were no election restrictions in the shape of corrupt practice acts, or even against the buying and selling of votes. Postmasters were not then, as they are now, barred from participating in election work. Indeed they were expected to take an active part in such work and also to contribute generous slices of their salary towards party election expenses. I remember at the Blaine and Cleveland election of 1884, William J. Clark being then postmaster of Birmingham and I holding a similar position at Derby on

the East Side. It so happened that we were respectively box tenders, working side by side on the platform and receiving votes. One Joseph McDonald, a staunch worker on the democratic side, came up to vote, and I can still hear his despairing ejaculation as he discovered who were the two box tenders: "God help us! Two postmasthers."

Almost any means were employed to get out the votes, even to the bringing of some from a sick bed. At one election, when it was almost five o'clock and the polls about to close, four sturdy democrats came in bringing old Tom Lannen who had been reported as too ill to come out. As they entered Dr. Ambrose Beardsley, who always took an active part in politics, and who was standing on the platform near the ballot boxes, saw who it was they were bringing and exclaimed: "Great heavens! That's Tom Lannen. I gave him a dose this morning that I was sure would keep him in bed for forty-eight hours."

Later on Mr. Nathan erected another building at the west end of the original block and extended the hall into it several feet, also building a gallery across the west end. Whenever "Davey" erected a new building he was very poor until he had it paid for. He was very economical on the gas question and the moment an evening entertainment ended his assistant and he, one on each side, began turning out the lights at the stage end, followed the retiring audience down to the very doors so promptly that as the last person left the room it was in total darkness.

At one time a rumor was started to the effect that the building was unsafe and likely to fall, which rumor had the effect to keep many people away for a time, but an expert investigation settled the question of its safety and no more was heard about it. Today after the lapse of sixty-five years the building looks to be as strong as the hills and no doubt is good for another like period.

I know nothing about this hall during the last twenty-five years. Its name was changed to "Gould Armory," and the great majority of Derby citizens, if asked today about "Nathan's Hall," would be unable to locate it. The eager crowds that thronged its stairway in its early days have nearly all passed on, and the young and joyous dancers who use it today know nothing of its former very large place in the affairs and history of the town.

Its builder and owner long since went "the way of all the earth." His remains lie in Oak Cliff and of the hundreds who walk about the beautiful cemetery there is only here and there one to whom the inscription cut into the marble slab which marks his resting place, "David Nathan, born June 28, 1808, died Feb. 10, 1880," can have any suggestion of reminiscence of any meaning except to tell that a man who once lived lies underneath in the windowless house to which, sooner or later, all must come. He was just a plain citizen, economical and close to the limit in money matters, and except for his proprietorship of this block of real estate on the main street, would hardly be remembered today.

For the space of forty years no man was more universally known in Derby than was "Davy" Nathan. He feared God, paid his debts, and voted the republican ticket. Not a real bad recommendation for any man to carry with him out into the unknown, although possibly some who read this might think he would stand a better chance had he voted the other ticket.

DERBY FREMONT CLUB

THE first organization having for its purpose the abolition of slavery in the United States, was formed in 1824. The two great political parties then were the Whig and Democratic, and their respective adherents were nearly equally divided in all the states both North and South. So nearly divided were they that from 1824 to 1860 each party was successful in the election of its president several times, viz.; John Quincy Adams, Whig, in 1824; Andrew Jackson, Democrat, in 1828 and 1832; Martin VanBuren, Democrat, in 1836; William Henry Harrison, Whig, in 1840; James K. Polk, Democrat, in 1844; Zachary Taylor, Whig, in 1848; Franklin Pierce, Democrat, in 1852.

The slavery agitation had continued to increase during all of these nearly thirty years. While very mild at the first it had grown to such proportions that the lines had then become sharply drawn between the free and slave states, and the Southern Whigs left their own party for the Democratic, and many in the North who had been life-long Democrats came out squarely against slavery, and, in 1856, a wave of public opinion swept, almost spontaneously, over the whole north to the effect that slavery must, at least, be confined to its then limits, and whatever new states might thereafter come into the Union must enter as free states. Upon this proposition the Republican party was formed in 1856, and upon the platform of no further extension of slavery, John C. Fremont was nominated for president. In the election he was defeated, although he carried eleven of the then sixteen Northern states, which included every New England state, besides New York, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa and Wisconsin, with 1,341,314 votes as against 1,838,332 votes for James Buchanan, who was elected.

This election, although a defeat for the new party, demonstrated that it had come to stay, and in 1860, four years later, it elected on the same platform, Abraham Lincoln, and thus precipitated the long threatened secession of the Southern states, and the consequent great war of the rebellion.

This article is not intended as a history of those stirring times but so far is merely introductory to some things from my own recollection of those two presidential campaigns of 1856 and 1860, and which are of local interest in my native town of Derby.

I have in my possession a record book—it having been sent me by Mrs. Russell, the aged and very much respected widow of Col. Chas. L. Russell—of the Fremont club of Derby, Conn., Thomas Burlock, president, and David R. Cooke, secretary, which contains the minutes of the organization of this club, and of the several meetings held during the campaign of 1856. One of these meetings was a rally held at Nathan's Hall, at which Chas. B. Lines, who had gone from New Haven to Kansas with a goodly company from that city to form a colony, gave a very vivid description of the atrocities then being perpetrated in that state against the free settlers from the North by the slaveholders from the South in their efforts to have Kansas enter the Union as a slave state, all of which is crystallized history to-day, but was then an existing and terrible reality, and awoke the resentment of the free North to the exercise of that energy and love of justice which eventually made of Kansas a free state.

I well remember Mr. Burlock's eloquent introduction of Mr. Lines and his declaration that he was for "Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men, Fremont and Victory," and how the audience clapped and shouted its approbation, and Mr. Lines's speech was soul stirring in its earnestness and eloquence.

There are records of several meetings held during that summer and fall, and the last record announces the result of the election as being "defeat but not a final one for the new party."

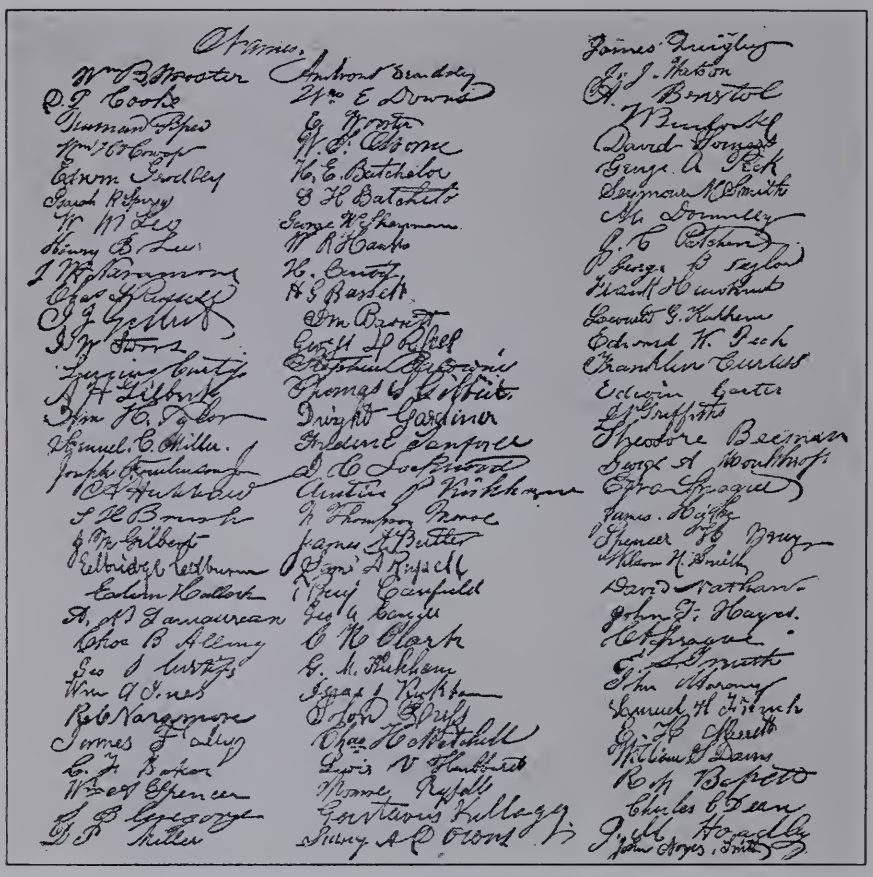
The very next page announces the organization of the Republican club of 1860, four years later. Sidney A. Downs was president, William E. Downes, vice president, and Charles L. Russell, secretary. Here is a part of the record of the first public meeting held by this club on the evening of March 10th, 1860, at which meeting it seems only local talent was utilized for speechmaking:

"The following named gentlemen made brief and pithy addresses abounding in strong arguments and witty sallys, namely, William E. Downes, William B. Wooster, Dr. Beardsley, Thomas S. Gilbert, George W. Cheesman, William W. Lee, Joseph Tomlinson, Jr., Samuel C. Miller, W. D. Osborne, A. N. Lamoureux, John W. Storrs and David R. Cooke which kept the meeting in the best of humor until a late hour. The exercises of the evening were enlivened with music from the Birmingham band. The meeting adjourned in the best possible humor, the band playing 'Yankee Doodle.'"

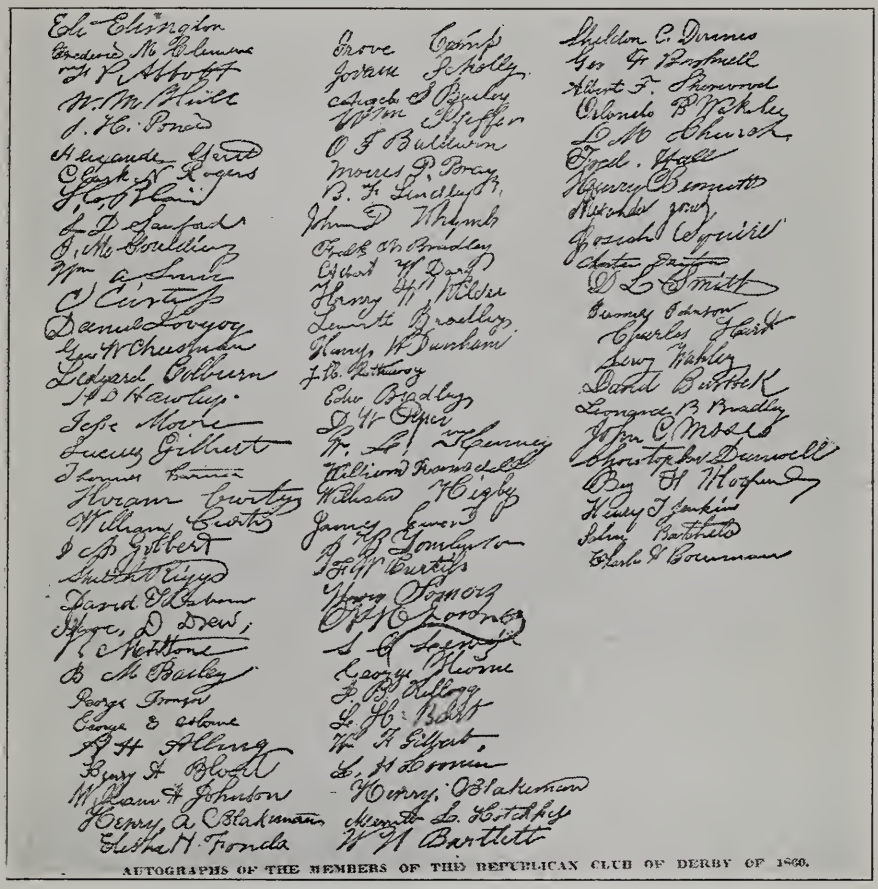
This is in the handwriting and bears the signature of "Charles L. Russell, Sec'y."

I quote a part of the record of one more meeting: "It was voted that Austin P. Kirkham and George Sherman be a committee to procure torches and fire balls for a procession to Ansonia on Wednesday evening next, also Austin Kirkham and J. W. Storrs were appointed a committee to procure transparencies. Henry B. Lee was named as marshal with George D. Russell and Charles Hubbard assistants." This is in the handwriting and over the signature of "Wm. B. Wooster, acting secretary."

By far the most interesting feature of this record book



AUTOGRAPHS OF MEMBERS OF THE



AUTOGRAPHS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF DERBY OF 1860.

Republican Club of Derby of 1860

is a list of autographs of 187 of Derby's citizens of that day, members of this club. I knew personally nearly every man whose name appears on that list, and was also familiar with most of the signatures, and the finding of them was, to me, almost like a reappearance from the dead.

They are reproduced here in facsimile and I am sure there are many living who will recognize the familiar signatures, and the more familiar names, and to whom this list of autographs, written forty-eight years ago, will awaken memories long since dormant as they recall the peculiar characteristics of the individuals represented by those signatures.

This list represents the republican club, out of which was subsequently formed a company of "Wide Awakes," which company, with torches and shouting, during that campaign excited the enthusiasm of the young men of the town, and kept them solidly in line for "Abe" Lincoln and the victory which followed in the succeeding November. About 100 of the club members joined these "Wide Awakes," and in the war which followed the next year, more than half of these "Wide Awakes" participated.

DERBY WIDE AWAKES

DURING the summer and fall of the memorable year of 1860, the year in which Abraham Lincoln was elected to the presidency, there existed all through the northern states an organization known as "Wide Awakes." I have never known where it originated, but it sprang up like magic and was represented in nearly every town of any considerable size in all the north. The object of this organization was to assist in electing the republican candidate who stood for the avowed purpose of the then four year old republican party to oppose by every possible means the further extension of slavery. Its method of assisting in this important service was, by torchlight processions and noise, to create enthusiasm in the young men of the community.

Early in the season a company was formed in Derby, of which company I was a member, being then eighteen years of age. It was a semi-military organization, but such only as to marching evolutions and not as to fighting. We wore, as a uniform, black enameled cloth capes and caps and carried torches of tin, which when filled with red coal oil of those days emitted a modicum of light, smoked effusively, leaked copiously, and smelled abominably.

Our company was officered by Charles L. Russell as captain, Sanford E. Chaffee, Ledyard Colburn and A. M. Lamoreaux as lieutenants and numbered something over one hundred, mostly natives of Derby. We were drilled in company movements to quite a degree of efficiency and were able to make a very creditable showing when in marching order. We made visits during that campaign to New Haven, Bridgeport, Huntington Center (there was no Shelton then),

Orange center and Seymour, besides having several rallies in Derby and Ansonia, at which latter place there was also a large company; we marched miles, shouted ourselves hoarse, ate bushels of sandwiches, burnt barrels of oil and had a glorious time generally.

Some of the marches were of great length. One of these I remember at Seymour with which a very funny incident is connected. At this Seymour march Lieutenant Colburn was in command and the company marching by platoons, being in the center of the town, houses illuminated, and throngs of people witnessing the parade he, anxious that we make a good appearance and show a straight front, cautioned us to touch elbows and preserve our alignment. In doing this he himself was marching backwards, his baton in both hands, swinging up and down as he shouted "left," "left." Someone had carelessly left a wheelbarrow in the road and not having eyes rearward, our gallant captain fell over it and rolled ignominiously in the dust, to the great detriment of military discipline on the part of the rank and file.

We went to Seymour that night by train, it being rumored that a train would also bring us home, but after marching through the town over the "Promised Land" and up towards Bungay we returned and filed into the old car shop, where we had speeches and a collation, after which, at midnight, we turned loose to get to Derby in any old way. We straggled along in sections and squads, reaching Derby after a couple of hours and the fellow who arrived at the old Sherwood farmhouse on Derby Hill something past 2 o'clock in the morning was never so tired in all his life. I say this advisedly after the lapse of sixty-three years.

We also visited New Haven to take part in a mammoth demonstration there. They gave us a ten mile march through streets with houses illuminated; red fire and burning barrels of tar frequent, and, with flaring torches, clamoring

drum corps and raucous brass bands, to which were added the cheers of thousands of people, the route was passed over and we entered a large wooden building styled the "wigwam." I know not where it was situated, but we were bountifully fed with bread and cold meats, after which we listened to speeches from Carl Schurz and Stephen W. Kellogg—both then young men—and singing by a chorus of several hundred voices.

That fall campaign was a sort of protracted holiday for us young fellows, and, at its close, Abraham Lincoln was elected president of the United States. After the election we had a final parade and illumination through Derby and Ansonia, and the companies were disbanded.

Little did we realize that a terrible four years was to follow. Immediately after the election mutterings were heard from the south which grew during the winter months until before inauguration day had arrived several of the southern states had passed ordinances of secession. In the early days of March, Lincoln was inaugurated; in April, Fort Sumter was fired upon and, at once, came the call for seventy-five thousand men for three months. In this call one regiment was assigned to Connecticut and a full company was enlisted from Derby, in which company, Chaffee and Lamoreaux, lieutenants of our "Wide Awake" company, were respectively first and second lieutenants; our lieutenant Colburn major, and our captain, Charles L. Russell, adjutant of the regiment. Austin P. Kirkham and Joseph Bailey were sergeants and in the ranks were many of the whilom torchbearers.

The Bull Run disaster followed and then came the call from the president for "three hundred thousand men for three years or during the war," a call which was duplicated several times before the war ended. All over this great land, from the Maine forests, the Granite Hills, the Green Mountains, the Bay State, the Nutmeg State, the Empire State,

the Keystone State, the Prairie States, the Golden State, from all sections which remained loyal to the Union, the "boys in blue," very largely recruited from the "Wide Awakes," come tramping to the front. All breezes fluttered their banners, and with the tramp came the swelling chorus of the Union in which sounded above the din of drums and fire the refrain "We Are Coming Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More."

And so they went through the rebellious southland, these "Wide Awake" boys, the holiday of the political campaign past, and in its place grim war. Their ranks were decimated at Roanoke Island, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness before Petersburg, Sherman's march to the sea. Some died by shot wounds, some by sickness, many losing limbs, and, of the survivors without wounds many were left with health forever impaired. And so for four years the armies upon the land and the navy upon the sea fought on until at an expense of hundreds of thousands of lives on both sides, of the best and bravest people on earth, besides thousands of millions of treasure, the capitulation at Appomattox was consummated, Grant's immortal epigram, "Let us have peace" promulgated, and the war ended.

Our Captain Russell as colonel of the tenth Connecticut regiment was killed at Roanoke Island, Lieut. Colburn became colonel of the twelfth, Chaffee and Lamoreaux reached the rank of captain and our sergeant, A. P. Kirkham, that of lieutenant. All survived the war.

The writer has no intention of claiming all this or any considerable part of it for the "Wide Awakes." No one knows better than he that the army that put down the rebellion was composed of men of all nationalities and all political parties; but if the roster of that company of "Wide Awakes" of 1860 could be produced it would be found that a large majority of them participated in the great war.

KIRKHAM, CHAFFEE AND OTHERS, IN 1861

THE very interesting article in "The Sentinel," of Feb. 18th, in relation to the two veterans of the civil war, Isaac J. Kirkham and Anson Chaffee, carries me backward, in memory, across forty-seven years, to that May morning in 1861, when, in response to President Lincoln's call for 75,000 men, a company of something over eighty young men from Derby, which then included Ansonia, embarked on the train at the old East Side railroad station for the war. They were known for the following three months as Company D, of the Second Connecticut regiment. Their captain was George D. Russell; first lieutenant, Sanford E. Chaffee; second lieutenant, Azra Lamoureux; and James Foley, Austin P. Kirkham, Joseph Bailey and John Cornell were sergeants.

A great throng had gathered to witness their departure and to bid them "Godspeed"; for although party strife ran high, and had been very bitter during the previous winter, yet, when the old flag was fired upon at Fort Sumter, a great wave of patriotism swept over the north, party lines were for the time being obliterated, and, with few exceptions, all were loyal Americans.

The most interesting features of this military company were its drummer and fifer, Anson Chaffee, aged 57, and Isaac J. Kirkham, aged 51. Each had two sons in the company, viz. Sanford E. and James W. Chaffee and Austin P. and Guilford M. Kirkham, and before the war was over each had four sons that took part in the war. I knew them all, and distinctly remember those grey-bearded veterans as I saw them that morning at the head of their company, marching over the causeway and the old bridge; and the stirring roll of Chaffee's drum with the shrill tones of Kirkham's fife

were the very first of a long series of like martial music that became very familiar during the succeeding four years.

This company, with its regiment, went to the front at Washington and, early in August following, took part in the disastrous and discouraging battle of Bull's Run, a day or two after which, their three months having expired, they were mustered out and came home.

When the next call for troops came, viz. "300,000 men, for three years or the war," the elder Chaffee and the elder Kirkham both re-enlisted, this time in the Tenth Connecticut on the following October; both being honorably discharged for disability sometime during 1862.

Lieutenant Sanford E. Chaffee raised a company of 140 men, was commissioned captain, joined with his company the Twentieth Connecticut, went through the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg—where he was wounded—Chattanooga, resigned on account of injuries and acted as recruiting officer in Connecticut until the war closed.

James W. Chaffee, besides his three months' service, re-enlisted in the First Connecticut cavalry where he served nearly one year. Harvey Chaffee went as drummer boy at the age of 15, with which regiment he remained four years through all its vicissitudes at Roanoke Island, Newbern and Kinston, N. C., at Morris Island, S. C., in Florida and finished up the last year before Petersburg, Va., being, for weeks, most of the time under fire, and came home, sound, at 19.

Frank Chaffee had but one arm, and was ineligible as an enlisted soldier, but managed to be in the trouble as a sutler's clerk, or in some other useful capacity during the greater part of the war.

Of the Kirkham family, Calvin, the eldest, was in the navy as paymaster's clerk on the U. S. steamer "Satellite" and was promoted to acting master. Austin P. Kirkham,

after his three months' experience, entered the Volunteer navy and was attached to the U. S. gunboat "General Putnam," Captain William Hotchkiss, also a Derby man, commanding, where he rose to be master's mate. This gunboat took part in the famous Burnside expedition to the sounds of North Carolina, and did good service in that expedition.

Austin resigned from the navy in 1863, after which he reenlisted in the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery, serving with that regiment until the war ended. He was a captain when mustered out.

Guilford M. Kirkham, besides his three months' service, enlisted in the Tenth Connecticut, where he served one year and afterwards enlisted in the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery, serving to the end of the war. Leverett G. Kirkham was a member of the Tenth Connecticut a little more than a year.

It is certainly worthy of record that these two families, in one town, should each furnish a father and four sons for the Union cause. It is also worth recording, to show that patriotism was above politics, that the Kirkham family were staunch Republicans, while the Chaffee family—with the exception of Sanford—were just as staunch Democrats.

Those who are not old enough to remember the civil war can have no idea of the depths to which our whole population was stirred. When it began, no one for a moment supposed it would last long, as evidenced by the modest call of Mr. Lincoln for 75,000 men for three months, and yet to those then living who remembered the Mexican war with its less than 30,000 men, this seemed a great army, but as the time went on and the three months lengthened into four years, and the 75,000 men increased into more than a million, we grew so accustomed to the larger numbers that a hundred thousand more or less seemed, in comparison, small.

The old town of Derby furnished 542 men to participate in this gigantic struggle for the preservation of the nation's life. The population of Derby, including Ansonia, was by the census of 1860, 5,443—which means that almost exactly ten per cent. of her population participated in that war. Voters are, as to population, about one to five, and that shows that a number of men equal to one-half of the voters of the old town threw themselves into that struggle. Estimating the population of the two cities to-day at 25,000, the same proportion of enlistment would mean 2,500 men. This would mean 1,000 from the present Derby and 1,500 from the present Ansonia.

These figures will perhaps convey to the young man of to-day an idea of the severe drainage upon our northern communities which was necessary to put down the rebellion.

There was scarcely a family which was not represented in that war. The cost in lives, health, crippled bodies and treasure, to both the North and the South, can never be estimated, but great as it was, no one will say to-day that it was too much for what it gained. Questions were settled, forever, which made the republic of to-day possible. Great and conspicuous was the patriotism displayed in that war. Courage to defend our country has never failed, nor will it in any age.

From this home on the banks of the Housatonic river, Commodore Isaac Hull went forth to win a brilliant record in the history of our country.

THE HOME OF COMMODORE ISAAC HULL
Huntington Landing

THE OLD LUMBER MILL

THE memory of one who has reached four-score is replete with numberless changes. We all know the great change that the rebuilding of the Naugatuck railroad fifteen years ago wrought in Derby, and yet how soon we accommodate ourselves to these changes, and are rapidly forgetting the old winding single track, and the old freight and passenger stations, which then were such busy places. It will be but a few years, in the march of improvement, ere it will be difficult to locate even the site of either stations or track.

This same big scheme of improvement also wrought similar changes in all the towns in the valley to the extent that it is confusing to one who, like myself, was familiar with them all and who on alighting from the train at any of the present new stations finds himself in what seems an entirely strange locality.

I will confine this article to a description of an institution in Derby of which this double tracking of the railroad has succeeded in obliterating almost every vestige of what was for a full half century, and all within my recollection, one of the most important industries in the town. It was the lumber mill of the Derby Building and Lumber company, with its accompanying yard and office and its own dock upon the Housatonic river just below its junction with the Naugatuck.

In this day and generation to speak of an important mill industry means to speak of a great plant composed of numerous and many storied buildings, furnishing employment to thousands of operatives and counting its capital in millions. The mill which I have in mind was organized in 1850. Its

capital was $50,000. Its machinery was propelled by a forty horse power horizontal steam engine. It furnished employment for some fifty men and was, through all those years, a means of support for about forty families. It owned its one schooner which made regular trips to and from Albany, bringing lumber and timber for this yard. In its early days this plant was considered, in that vicinity, as being, relatively, of as much importance as is the biggest manufacturing plant in Ansonia, Derby or Shelton today.

I remember distinctly when this factory was built. It was to my young mind, with its limited experiences, an immense building, and to be allowed to go into the engine room and see the engineer start this great engine was a privilege. Great it seems to my recollection, although but a baby compared to those of today.

This company in its early days delivered lumber and timber on teams in Derby and Ansonia and up the Naugatuck valley as far as Waterbury. It had one team of three heavy horses, the leader, a big sorrel, with high head and arching neck, and to see this team starting out with a big load bound up the valley, Michael Stokesbury driver, was more of a sight than is today the biggest freight train moving over the same route.

The company's schooner was commanded by a resident, Capt. C. H. Bailey, whose mate, crew and cook, were his four sons. The getting under way of this schooner was also quite an event to us boys in those days. Albany was to us a long way off and we envied this boy crew their knowledge of the world. The captain, with an air of importance, took his place at the wheel. By his successive orders the bow line was cast off, and the jib run up. Then, letting go the stern line, up went the mainsail hand over hand with many a "heave ho!" The foresail next and with tide and wind favorable she swept down past the lower docks, then

on past a rocky pile in the river named "Sow and Pigs" and disappeared round the bend. Ten days, or perhaps two weeks, thereafter, coming again in sight at the same bend, showing only her deck load which hung far out over her sides, with a fair wind she moved, wing and wing, up to her dock, dropping jib and sails in quick succession, and laying alongside without a jar. We land-lubbers used to look upon these young sailors as returned travelers. I had a great longing to take a trip with them into the unknown, although they themselves were not at all enthusiastic as to the sailor's life but preferred the dry land and home to the wide, wide sea.

The product of this mill consisted of doors, sashes, blinds and inside wood trim. The silvery tone of its bell rang out with regularity morning, noon and night for thirty years, being succeeded by a screaming steam gong which compelled attention during the next twenty years. The drowsy humming monotone of its planers, the singing of its saws, and the snapping cut of its moulding machines were always in evidence during running hours.

I had a personal acquaintance with nearly every man who worked in this mill during all the years of its existence. Many of them went from this mill to the Civil war, some never to return, and some to come back to the same job after the war closed. Some of these operatives are yet living, but the list of the dead, if I should recount it, would be much longer than that of the living, and not a man who commenced work when that mill was built is alive today unless it be Austin P. Kirkham of Ansonia.

A few years since the entire property was purchased by the railroad company, the mill demolished, and today one not conversant with the facts could never suspect it had ever existed.

A few days ago, on a charming afternoon, all nature bask-

ing in the hazy beauty of September, I visited this place which for half a century had been to me so familiar. I crossed the new railroad tracks to the river, walked slowly down along its banks and on to the now deserted ruined dock, that being the only remaining structure of the old lumber plant. I found the location of the mill and office although the tracks have encroached upon a goodly portion of the ground upon which they stood. I sat me down upon a pile of stones and mused. In memory I could see the old schooner being unloaded, the men and teams carrying the cargo to its several piles. Again I heard the hum of the machinery, the monotone of the planes and saws, the clear peal of the old bell and the scream of the gong. I went over, in my mind, the names and faces as "fond recollection" presented "them to view"—of many whom I had known who worked in that mill, some living, more dead.

I went out and sat on the dock log, letting my feet hang over as I had often done in years gone by. I remembered the many times I had dived from that very log and swum to the point of rocks opposite. The frequent trips down the river in a boat—we rowed down a mile or two and if the wind was fair, came back by the aid of a cedar bush which we cut and stuck up in a hole in the bow seat for a sail. I remember the several boys with whom I had experienced this enjoyment. "Gill," "Lev," "Shel," "Ed," "Joe," "Hen," "Dave," each one a real personality to me, besides many more, all dead, and I, as it were, left alone to tell the tale. Incidents forgotten for years came vividly to my memory, something connected with each of those boys, some of whom had been dead forty years, and more, and, in that short hour I lived over again in memory many years of my life.

The two rivers come together just above as they did then and blending, flow onward to the sea, the same beautiful scenery lining the banks of their united stream in all its

course. The tides ebb and flow as they have for thousands of years and as they will for thousands more, the earth alone appearing stable, going on growing old in its revolutions, governed in itself and in its rivers by the eternal law of gravitation. Man whose brain reaches out and fathoms, to some extent, the forces which control nature, using them for his comfort and convenience, is himself of short duration, passing away even in the midst of his researches. Generations succeed, inheriting the knowledge and experience of their predecessors, and adding thereto, they in turn following those gone before. The rowboat has been succeeded by the power launch, and the men and boys of today enjoy passing up and down this ancient river as did those before them, and as shall those who come after.

Thoughts similar to these went racing through my mind as I sat upon that old dock log. I felt myself to be but an incident in the way, a mere atom, and my life compared to the river as but a moment, and I said, "Have those gone before ceased and shall I likewise cease to exist?" The only answer was a faith which bid me hope, and as I arose and retraced my steps I said, "This visit has been of profit." A feeling of peace stole over my senses together with a strong hope, that notwithstanding the apparent shortness of my own life, as compared with that of the earth and the river, it may be that the part of me which is called mind shall continue to exist, in some way which I know not now, long after this river shall cease to flow or the earth to radiate heat.

With Tennyson

"I somehow think,
"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
"That not one life shall be destroyed
"Or cast as rubbish to the void
"When God hath made the pile complete."

SOME SELECTMEN OF YE AULD DERBY

IN these days of budgets and appropriations in the government of cities, it is interesting to look back to the days of the old town government when the whole financial responsibility was vested in a board of three selectmen. True it is that the annual tax rate was fixed by the electors in town meeting assembled, but the selectmen were not at all legally bound to keep within the estimated amount which such tax should provide, and they might perform work on roads or spend money for town poor or any other purpose, perhaps thousands of dollars in excess of the annual income, borrowing money and issuing town orders for the same, which orders carried interest and were considered as first class investments, by individual money lenders or savings banks. Each town was a little independent republic, with no legislative charter to prohibit over-spending of the people's money nor any penalty provided for such action except the penalty which the voters could inflict on the next election day by firing the offenders out and putting new men in.

Most of the towns in this state are still governed under such conditions, but I have particularly in mind in this article the old town of Derby when it included Ansonia, my memory going back some sixty years and embracing from 1850 to 1889 when the town was divided after a fight that shook the old burg to its very foundation.

Away back there, the town was composed of three distinct sections of nearly equal population, viz., Derby Narrows and Old Town on the east side of the Naugatuck constituted one section and the then comparatively new villages of Birmingham and Ansonia the other two. In making nominations for the three selectmen each political party selected one from each of these three sections, and it often followed that the same man or men continued to be elected for a long

term of years. Sheldon Smith of Derby Neck held the office eleven years, Egbert Bartlett of Ansonia six years, Horace Casterline of Old Town nine years, Erwin W. Webster of Ansonia about eight years, Luzon Rowell seven years, Patrick McEnerney a similar period, Robert O. Gates for a long term of years.

Sheldon Smith was a Whig, Bartlett and Gates Republicans, Casterline, Rowell, Webster and McEnerney were Democrats. The strife of parties was much the same then as it is at present, the party out of power accusing the ins of extravagance and waste of public funds even to a greater extent than is the case today. At every recurring election a desperate effort was made to oust the reigning incumbents in the interest of good government, and nothing was too bad to assert in relation to their actions. They were called everything but honest men, and at the town meeting voters argued till they were red in the face to prove that if their own particular party might succeed a new era of economy would begin and continue as long as it remained in control. They really believed it, and yet, looking back across the years, with all the heat of mere politics gone, I am sure that each and every one of these men were sincere and honest in intention and desired nothing but good for the old town.

There was no system of finance prevailing then as there is at present. The roads were worked more or less thoroughly, the poor were provided for, and old Derby grew and prospered.

These selectmen personally bossed the road mending, drawing three dollars per day for time spent in such work and with few exceptions the town received good service for its money. The bookkeeping was very crude, but I do not remember of any defalcation or anything approaching embezzlement. The amount of money was small in comparison to that of today, but it was harder to raise and a dollar was a good deal bigger than it is now.

I had the fortune, or perhaps misfortune, to be elected in 1879, as a minority of one on the board of selectmen, the other two being Erwin M. Webster and Patrick McEnerney. To show how accounts were kept, I will tell a little of my experience. A day or two after election I called to pay my respects to Mr. Webster, the first selectman. He assigned me to take care of minor matters in Birmingham, and in order to provide me with funds for emergencies gave me his personal check for $200, telling me when that was gone to come to him for more. I kept a strict account of my disbursements in fixing washouts, furnishing supplies to poor, etc., and when the money was gone went to him with an itemized account showing in detail where each and every dollar had been used. To my surprise he didn't even look at my carefully prepared figures, but said: "That's all right; we'll charge half to roads and the other half to outside poor," and immediately gave me another check for a like amount to be used and accounted for in like manner. As the minority member I was never consulted in relation to town matters, nor did I ever know anything about the finances except to the extent of expending, according to my own sweet will and judgment, the money given me. I am sure that I used it all to the best advantage for the town, according to the aforesaid will and judgment, and yet, who, except myself, knows whether I did or not? How easily I might have used the greater part to my own comfort and emolument. At any rate it was not an ideal way to handle and account for public funds.

It sometimes happened that a selectman apparently took advantage of his position to make improvements that would benefit his own property, something of course that is never done in these later days of honesty and rectitude. Perish the thought!

Between the years 1855 and 1868 Horace Casterline was elected selectman nine times. He was a Democrat to the

core. Four times during those thirteen years the Republicans carried the election and he was defeated but he was a perpetual candidate and always came back to office when his party won. He served at least one year as tax collector and collected by personal solicitation. I well remember seeing him sitting on the steps of the Birmingham National bank, where the Derby Savings bank is now located, and calling to individuals as they passed by: "Don't you want to pay your taxes?" The taxpayer of the present would hardly stand for such a public dunning but then it seemed all right. He was a plain, simple cobbler, but well versed in town affairs, honest as the sun and performed his public service well for a very small compensation.

Luzon Rowell was another instance of the plain man in office. From 1870 to 1876 inclusive, he was elected selectman each year. A ship carpenter by trade, he repaired bridges, replanking them when necessary, himself using the tools and lugging the plank, all at a minimum of expense to the town.

I have mentioned but a few of a long list of town officials of whom I might write columns. Plain, honest, sincere men who performed their duties according to their ability.

I have in mind a story connected with another selectman which may be interesting as a closing of this article.

Joseph H. Remer was selectman in 1869, a man of strong opinions, a good friend and could be a bitter enemy. My neighbor on Derby Hill, Mr. Urbane H. Swift, a man well known in all that region in those days, a very sociable conversationalist albeit with a larger vocabulary than judgment in expressing it, had in a thoughtless moment voiced his opinion in regard to some of Mr. Remer's official acts in such a blunt manner as, by inference at least, to accuse him of having misappropriated town funds. The friend (?) to whom Mr. Swift had confided this information repeated the same to Mr. Remer; very probably in exaggerated form.

That official was greatly offended and immediately employed counsel to bring suit against Mr. Swift for defamation of character, fixing the damages at $10,000. Suit was brought, his farm and bank account attached, and the alleged defamer found himself financially tied up. He had never before been sued and the attachment worried him day and night until, within a very short time, he was nearly fit for a padded cell.

My father was eminently a man of peace. As a life-long friend of both the conflicting parties he undertook the role of mediator, and after one or two conferences with the irate official, an apology was tendered by the offender, the suit withdrawn, all attachments released and Mr. Swift soon recovered his very much disturbed peace of mind. His gratitude to my father was such that he desired to express it in some good manner.

He could think of nothing more to the good than a Bible, and as the gratitude was great, the Bible must also be great. He purchased a big pulpit Bible and brought it to his benefactor, suitably inscribed with sentiments of esteem and appreciation.

This was in 1871. That Bible lay on our parlor table some twenty-five years, seldom opened, but often dusted. I inherited it and it came to Waterbury with our household belongings about fifteen years ago. It has lain undisturbed except for periodical dustings until, quite recently, we presented it (my wife and I) to the First Congregational church here to be used as a pulpit Bible in the conference room, taking the place of one worn out in the service. We were very glad to have this venerable reward of peace placed in its proper sphere of usefulness, where it may perhaps do real service for another forty years, and I partly suspect that this feeling of gladness on the part of my good wife is accentuated by the satisfaction of knowing that her days for dusting it are ended.

KING HIRAM LODGE

DISTRICT Deputy W. B. Hall, of Wallingford, visited King Hiram lodge, F. and A. M., last night, and the lodge in honor of his visit entertained many guests from Ansonia, Waterbury and New Haven. There were about 240 persons at the meeting, 165 of whom were members of King Hiram lodge. All arrangements had been made for the visit and entertainment before news of the death of John H. Barlow, secretary of the Grand Lodge, and a highly respected member of King Hiram lodge, was received, and it was impossible to postpone the affair, as the invited guests could not be notified. The hearts of many of the Masons, particularly of those who had known Mr. Barlow and who had been associated with him in this lodge, were heavy with the sadness that comes through the loss of a dear friend and a brother, and the meeting partook almost of the nature of memorial services. The high respect in which Mr. Barlow was held was shown during the meeting in the allusions to him and to his career, and his interest in and work for Masonry.

During the meeting the third degree was worked for the district deputy, and after that work was completed, addresses were made. Deputy Hall spoke of Mr. Barlow and his long acquaintance with him and his warm friendship for him, and spoke very highly of the splendid work he had done for Masonry. The principal address of the evening was made by Albert F. Sherwood, of Waterbury, who was peculiarly fitted through his association with Mr. Barlow to speak of him and his work. Mr. Sherwood said:

"John H. Barlow made me a Mason in April, 1866, forty-two years ago this spring, in the old lodge room in what

was then the Birdseye building. A year or two after he was elected secretary of his lodge, an office which he held for thirty years thereafter.

"During that time he went through the chairs of the Grand Council, Grand Chapter and Grand Lodge, filling all demands made upon him incident to these high Masonic positions, and at the same time not in the least neglecting his duties as secretary of King Hiram. Some ten or more years ago, he was made grand secretary, which rendered his removal to Hartford necessary.

"He has always kept in touch with his lodge and his old home and life-long friends. I was during all these forty years very intimate with him, and his death came to my ears this morning over the telephone like a shock. Indeed, I had but just read a personal letter from him written yesterday afternoon, in which he expressed the hope of seeing me at Wallingford, Thursday, and also as looking forward with pleasure to a promised visit from Mrs. Sherwood and myself next fall.

"I need not dwell upon his long life here, when talking to members of King Hiram or George Washington lodges. You all knew him, as indeed did every one of the twenty-one thousand Masons in the state, he having been for many years by far the most conspicuous Mason in Connecticut.

"He has gone over to the great majority. I shall never forget the bright beam in his eye and the cordial grasp of the hand with which he last greeted me at Hartford a few weeks ago. He has long been spared to dispense Masonic light and instruction. He was as full of Masonic information as a dictionary is full of words and was always ready to listen and to teach.

He was made a Mason in 1858, fifty years ago. He was constantly advanced by the suffrages of his brethren until upon Masonry's crowning slope they made him the Grand

Master of Masons in Connecticut, but there was still another title above them all, which lies in the hearts of his brethren and was his unanimously, and that is 'The Grand Old Man' of Masonry in our state, and more than all to me, he was my old time friend and counsellor.

"His taking off was sudden, and yet when a man has lived six years past the allotted three score and ten, what better way to die than to lie down in one's bed and 'sleep the sleep that knows no waking,' entirely free from suffering, pain or anxiety? His life has been one continual sermon. He exemplified the virtues of brotherly love, relief and truth. He was just with his fellow men, and humble and loyal before his God. I have not the slightest doubt that his work will stand the test of the Great Master Overseer's square, and that he will be awarded his wages.

"Let me close with a quotation from a poem written by the late John W. Storrs, of Derby, and which was read by him at the first meeting of the Connecticut Masonic Veteran association, at Nathan's hall, on June 17th, 1871, thirty-seven years ago to-morrow:

" 'I know not what in store may be
For you, my brother, or for me;
But this I know—since God is just—
If in His strength we put our trust;
Through journeys long, or good or ill,
His strong right arm will lead us still.

" 'And when we part—as part we must—
Somewhere to meet again, I trust—
May that calm strength and earnest aim,
That rugged faith, which kept aflame
Your altar fires through ill and good,
Descend to bless our brotherhood.

" 'There comes a time—it comes to all—
When we shall hear the warden's call,
And each with ashler rough or true,
Must pass Death's solemn portals through.
Be it yours, my brother, then to hear
From the Master's lips these words of cheer,
'Your work is found both true and square,
Pass on.' "

AN OLD ROMANCE OF STEEL

ON a recent visit to Derby, in passing the open lot opposite the car barn of the Connecticut company my mind reverted to the Iron and Steel Works that stood and was operated so many years on that plot of ground. It extended along Main street, from and included the land now occupied by the Peterson & Handee Co. to Water street, and along that street to the land of the old Howe Pin Co. occupying about an acre of ground. This factory for many years contributed largely to the wealth and prosperity of the town. It was built in 1847 by the brothers Abram and William Hawkins, natives of Derby—who were born in the old Hawkins house still standing on the street of that name—in partnership with Henry Atwater of New Haven, and the business was carried on under the name of Atwater & Hawkins. The product of this mill was iron and steel, wagon springs and axles.

It was a one story wood building rambling over the greater part of this large lot, and was, for those days, a mammoth institution, employing perhaps one hundred men, a big lot of employes for that period. Along the whole Main street side of the building were heavy doors between the posts which slid upwards by means of pulleys and ropes and afforded a view of the inside operations. The red glare of the fires in the great furnaces were the admiration of my younger days, and the sight of the white hot ingots extracted therefrom and moving by the aid of overhead trolleys toward the rolls was a continual fascination. But an ever increasing fascination were the writhing bars of red iron as they passed through the rolls, growing longer and longer each time they passed through, until they finally lay upon the ground, com-

pleted bar iron in flats and squares. A row of big grindstones occupied the north side of the mill for the grinding of springs, and the grinders sat on high stools enveloped in showers of sparks as they turned out and completed the bright steel leaves ready for assembling. Trip hammers galore pounding and shaping axles added to the din and bustle. A modicum of daylight came in through the overhead skylights, and this light increased by the sparks, furnace fires and the snake-like red bars, made a weird picture suggestive of Dante's Inferno. The busy operatives moving to and fro through the ever changing lights and shadows were reminders of Milton's description of hell in Paradise Lost.

The mill soon outgrew the water power with which it commenced business, and the company purchased and installed a steam engine and boilers. This meant the building of a brick stack one hundred feet high. This stack, standing as it did alone, seemed an immense structure and was a wonder in its day although but a pigmy in comparison with present day factory chimneys, but the engine was something tremendous! It was a regular steamboat engine with walking beam, and of great power—seventy-five horse!—sounds funny doesn't it? But, in truth, I believe that meant more in that day, and seemed larger than would one of a thousand horse power today. To it was attached a big fly wheel geared up to make rapid revolutions and steady the rolls in their times of stress, and, to see the engineer open the throttle and start this giant machine was one of the great privileges of my boyhood. As we grow older and the world grows wider, experience and familiarity make us indifferent to the great advance in industrial accomplishments, and yet somehow those things which were large to our young eyes and minds still remain in memory as wonderful as ever and

lose nothing in comparison with the stupendous power of present appliances.

This mill was in its fullest tide of prosperity during the period of the Civil war and the years immediately following. Scrap and pig iron, also coal for its use, were brought in schooner loads to Derby docks, and its yard was a ready cash market for all the scrap from the surrounding country. Boys made Fourth of July money by gathering old iron, and there were several Derby citizens who made it a business to gather this commodity from the farmers, within a radius of many miles. The price paid was, during war times, as high as one and one-half to two cents per pound, more than the price of new rolled structural steel at the present time. One of these vendors I distinctly remember. His name was Florence. I don't know that I ever knew his first name, everybody called him "old Florence." He was a hopeless cripple with a habit of original profanity. He would be helped into his wagon in the morning and never leave it until, after miles of travel, stopping at farms, and blacksmith shops for his load, he might have been seen returning along towards night, his crutches by his side, his old creaking wagon loaded with scrap iron, which he took to the yard of this mill for weighing and settlement, only to repeat the operation day after day. His was a familiar daily figure in Derby and vicinity for many years, and even now I almost expect to see "Old Florence" on the streets during my occasional trips to my native town. But he and his horse long since went the way of all the earth. I have no doubt the scrap iron of his wagon itself, remelted, is today existing in some form of iron or steel. Whether the melting process was applied to himself I can only conjecture, but I hope his persistent and emphatic use of profane expletives was not charged up against him in the final settlement.

The financial part of the business was attended to by Mr. Atwater. Abram Hawkins was the practical man and superintendent of the mechanical part; William Hawkins left after a few years to enter a like business on his own account. "Abe" Hawkins, as he was called, was an energetic and capable superintendent, familiar with every detail, everywhere present with orders, and with a will, also muscle if necessary, to enforce them. One day a fellow whose curiosity exceeded his judgment entered the mill ignoring a big sign which forbade "Admission under any pretense," and wandered about simply looking on. "Abe" quickly saw and ordered him out, calling attention to the sign. A few minutes after he noticed the fellow still present and this time there was no mistaking his peremptory order to vacate. The intruder said something that reflected upon "Abe's" ability to put him out. Instantly "Abe" seized him by the coat collar and the slack of his trousers and pitched him out the door into the street. The ejected one arose and brushing the dirt from his clothes observed, "I reckon I ain't the man I thought I was."

Mr. Hawkins built and lived in the house afterwards sold to and occupied by George W. Cheesman and now used as a high school building.

As time went on and the steel business developed and was carried on in the coal and iron regions, this old mill was not able to compete, and its business gradually dwindled. Long shut downs became the rule until the property was sold to the Peck, Stow & Wilcox Co. They operated it for some years but it was destined to extinction and finally the buildings were removed one after another, including the stack chimney, until now nothing remains but the brick building on the corner of Main and Water streets, and this was no part of the original factory but a later proposition built for ship-

ping and office purposes. Doubtless there are those living who worked in this mill and who could tell many stories in regard to it. A few days ago I met Jim Kennedy, whom I had not seen in years, in front of the car barn, and during a conversation of a few minutes with him my subconscious mind was reflecting upon the old days, and doings upon the lot opposite, and that accidental meeting with an old time acquaintance set on foot the inspiration which results in this reminiscent sketch of the Birmingham Iron & Steel Works.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT AND OPTIMISM

THE Puritan did not take much notice of Christmas. Thanksgiving was his big day of the year. Christmas, although well enough in its way, was then celebrated religiously only by the Roman and Anglican Catholic churches, and that for him was a good enough reason for letting it alone.

In his view there was very little difference in those churches, and although the Puritan preached Christ and Him crucified as the only means of salvation, yet the cross itself as a symbol was, in his eyes, but as a reminder of those churches and that was sufficient cause for him to steer clear of it. For the same reason, when the Episcopalians trimmed their churches and brought "the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together to beautify the place of My sanctuary," it savored so much of Rome that he had no use for it.

To illustrate, I well remember when, as a boy, I and my brother asked my father for permission to attend the Christmas eve services in the Episcopal church. There was a conference between him and mother as to whether or not it would be right to allow it. Was not the church festooned with running pine and laurel? That with its music of chant and anthem, its priest clad in vestments, its responsive reading and prayers read from a book, was too nearly an imitation of "popery" to allow of his children witnessing, without giving the subject much earnest consideration. To him the only proper church wall was a bare one, the only proper music a meter hymn or psalm, and the only proper prayer should be extempore, and so, although after repeated solicitation we were allowed to go, the consent was given reluctantly and with an air as of duty neglected.

All this was the religious side, at an age when votaries of all sects were very narrow. The Puritan meant well. He saw in himself the completed flower of all the ages, and was sure that he and the Lord were absolutely right as against the whole world. No doubt he knows better now and has long ago repented of his narrow dogmatic views.

And yet we children kept Christmas. We were told the story of the Christ child's birth and the wise men's gifts. We were told of Santa Claus and hung up our stockings at the side of the old sheet-iron fireboard that closed the mouth of the big fireplace when the stove was put up for the winter. Santa Claus came down the big chimney. We fully believed it as being quite possible. The only way, however, that he could get through the sheet-iron fireboard was by a hole about as big as a quarter that for some reason or other was in this fireboard. Of course we knew that no mere man could enter by this hole, but Santa was quite another thing. Those stockings were hung up with much of faith and not a little of hope. We went to bed early and were up at "candle light," although on other mornings in winter it was necessary to call us and repeat to the point of a threatened licking. We glided like young ghosts down the creaking old stairway and opened the door, delighted to find the stockings bulging. Their contents were perhaps a pair of hand-knit, woolen stockings or mittens or both, but, besides these, there were a few raisins, a stick of candy with a big red spiral streak from end to end, and a real orange. We somehow or other dimly connected the mittens with some sort of a partnership between mother and Santa Claus but the sweets were from old Santa Claus himself and more to be desired than stockings or mittens. Yea! Than many pairs of each. The real thing after all is to be satisfied. With the few luxuries that those days furnished there was more real satisfaction in this ten cents' worth of sweets than comes in these

days with all their plenty and surplus. It is the over-abundance that cloys.

I remember once having seen a litle child who had a string attached to a lobster claw which he was drawing up and down the veranda of a poor-house, which poor-house happened to be the residence of his mother and himself. It was his only toy and he was satisfied and perfectly happy. That claw filled his every want in that line. We have all seen children with so many toys that they went from one to the other discontented and miserable only because their attention could not be concentrated on any one long enough to afford diversion or entertainment.

I remember, when I was a little fellow at the district school, the teacher gave a present at Christmas time to each of her scholars. She had some fifty pupils, ranging in age from the A B C class at the teacher's knee to boys and girls of fourteen and fifteen years. The poor teacher had, no doubt, spent more than she could afford but seemed happy in the giving and that for her was sufficient. The presents were spread out on her table and, as each child's name was called he walked up singly and made his selection. I chose a little green lamb lying down on a platform which had four wheels about the size of a quarter. That lamb afforded me more real pleasure than any one thing in my memory; I rolled it about on its little wheels, sucked off most of the green paint, and abused it generally. Like Mary's little lamb it lingered battered and worn, until many years after when my own children, or maybe grandchildren, finished it. At any rate it disappeared.

The observance of Christmas is now universal and it has become the brightest, happiest and best day in all the year. The descendants of the Puritan now vie with those of the Papist and the Anglican in beautifying their churches even to the stained glass windows, also in elaborate music and

responsive service, and the true Christmas spirit is displayed by all.

On this glad morning anniversary of the Christ child's birth everybody is happy. Christmas beams from every face. Greetings are profuse and sincere. Even the Hebrew race has caught the spirit of the day and displays the same zest and happiness as do their Christian brethren and everywhere and by everybody is caught up and said and hung the glad refrain which first the morning stars sang together: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

MEMORIAL DAY REVERIES

WRITTEN IN 1906

I WAS born at Derby, residing there fifty-six years, removing to Waterbury seven years ago. Some twenty years ago, at about which time I was for three years one of the assessors of Derby when it also included Ansonia, I knew nearly everybody in the present town of Derby, and, probably, sixty per cent. of those in Ansonia, and could name the owner of nearly every piece of property in the whole territory.

Now how rapidly and constantly change is working. I have but to say that within the past six months I have walked several times from the site of the old East Side station to the Bassett house, meeting hundreds of people, not one of whom I could name. Except for the familiar scenery—in places—and buildings, I might as well have been in a town five hundred miles away. Shortly after one of these experiences I met Henry Spencer, like myself a lifelong resident of Derby. I said to him, in substance, what I have written above. He replied, "Al, you haven't looked in the right place for those whom you knew; go to the cemeteries; you will find them there."

Now, while there are yet a great many in Derby and vicinity whom I have known for years, Henry's remark is astonishingly true. I made my usual Memorial day visit to Derby, Tuesday, and visited Oak Cliff. I met many old friends and shook hands with most of the veterans. It seemed but a short time—although it is about forty-five years—since they, as mere boys, went to the war, and now, although the light in their eye is still bright and their cordial hand-grasp as emphatic and kindly as it was in their younger days, their

constantly diminishing numbers, their tottering steps as they march to cover with flowers the graves of their dead comrades, tell us that they, too, ere long will be dwellers of the "windowless house of God." I listened to Judge Gager's interesting and informing address at the monument, after which I again spent an hour or two at the cemetery, where I found myself surrounded on every hand by names familiar to me for a lifetime. This cemetery came into use somewhere about 1846, and I believe that I knew, personally, eighty per cent. of those buried there.

Yet on that charming May day as I walked about that beautiful cemetery with its well kept drives and closely shaven grass, its graves covered with beautiful flowers so peaceful, so quiet, I thought this: to those buried here come no cares, no sicknesses, no pains, no troubles, no ambitions, no terrible temptations, no soul-destroying appetites; no jealousies, no worryings; all is peace and rest. To one who, like myself, had known these people in life it was but natural that reminiscences and echoes of the long past came crowding up the backward vista to an almost overwhelming extent, and, necessarily, this "God's-acre," which holds all that was mortal of my father and mother, my only brother, my two sons and a grandchild, and where I myself expect to be laid at no very distant day, has a great attraction for me, and I said, "Really death is not so terrible," and if we can bring ourselves to so see it these are better off than are the living. After life's fitful fever they sleep well. Some of those well known to me are John W. Storrs, whose poems are still remembered; J. W. Osborne, prominent in every good work, of great faith, from whose face the smile never faded on earth; Robert C. Naramore, for thirteen years postmaster, captain of Co. G, 2d Regt., C. N. G.; Sidney A. Downs, level headed, rare of judgment; Franklin Hallock, busy, hustling merchant; Chas. L. Russell, killed at Roanoke Island, the first Connecti-

cut officer in the civil war to lay down his life for the saving of his country; Thomas Wallace, who, with his family, landed at Derby dock with nothing but his trade, his energy and rugged honesty, who founded and built up one of the largest brass industrial plants in the world; Geo. W. Cheesman, merchant and manufacturer, whose cheerful smile and thoroughly optimistic ways made every one the better for having known him; Edward N. Shelton, banker and manufacturer, to whom more than to any one else is due the inception and completion of the Ousatonic dam and the thriving borough which bears his name—a name that for years was as a tower of strength when occupied with any public or private enterprise in this vicinity.

Amos H. and Charles B. Alling. I remember well when they came here from Orange, more than forty years ago, where they had, although young, outgrown their father's woolen mill. They established a like business and carried it on so successfully as to make theirs, probably, the wealthiest firm in Derby, and Charles although not able to hear a sound except with the aid of artificial appliances, was, far and away, the shrewdest business man in all this region. John I. Howe, inventor of pin machines and founder of the Pin Co., which bears his name. Thaddeus G. Birdseye, postmaster, town clerk and for years treasurer of the Derby Savings bank. Robert N. Bassett, manufacturer, a native and resident for seventy years, prominent in business circles. Ambrose Beardsley, "the beloved physician," who for fifty years visited the sick in this community and who, although having had a large practice, died poor, leaving something more to be desired than riches—a good name.

Joseph Arnold, for years cashier of the Birmingham National bank, whose word was as good as his bond. Andrew Newcomb, my playmate and schoolmate at Stevens' school, died at 18, 45 years ago. David B. Rowell, another

of my boy mates, killed in the civil war at the age of 20. Luzon B. Rowell, selectman of Derby for many years. Zephaniah and Israel Hallock, who built vessels so honestly, so staunch and strong that they were rated as A1 upon the builder's reputation, without inspection. Geo. C. Bedient, whose sympathetic countenance brought comfort into many families, although his business was the sad one of preparing the dead for their long, last rest. Frank Hawkins, than whom no brighter or braver boy went to the civil war from Derby. Matthew Donnelly, at one time a prosperous manufacturer who lost all save honor and whose life ended sadly and pitifully.

Rufus W. Blake, for about twenty-five years a successful manufacturer of musical instruments who brought to their present importance both the Sterling and Huntington Piano companies; a public-spirited and large-hearted citizen. Joseph M. Hoadley, a mighty hunter, of kindly heart and cheerful disposition which he maintained through grievous physical misfortune. Henry Whipple, for years a town and borough official, ruggedly honest, wearing no frills. Sheldon Lake, remembered as "the Yankee fiddler." Samuel M. Gardner, lawyer, town clerk, representative to the legislature, dying during the session for which he was elected. Rev. Charles F. Bradley, eloquent preacher, whose silver tongue is stilled forever. Edwin Wooster, who lost his life by going over the big dam which he had worked so hard to build.

Simply mentioning names, there are Nelson H. Downes, Sharon Bassett, Stephen N. Summers, Henry Somers, Edward Lewis, Fitch Smith, Lyman L. Loomer, Thomas Burlock, William E. Downes, Truman Piper, Geo. T. Bushnell, Truman Gilbert, David Osborn, Oliver B. Sherwood.

There are scores more in Oak Cliff, and also many in the other cemeteries in Derby and Ansonia, it having been for more than two hundred years what it should be still, all

Derby. The old Colonial, the old Episcopal, Bare Plains, Pine Grove, Mt. St. Peter's and the other Roman Catholic cemeteries, each contain the remains of many whom I knew, of those who lived and walked about, taking a deep interest in this region, having the same experiences which we now have.

"The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe and the gray headed man,"
* * * "Have laid them down in their last sleep."

Sentinel Hill and the Sherwood Home by the Reservoir

BOYHOOD DAYS BY THE RESERVOIR

THE first reservoir built by the Birmingham Water Co., on Derby Hill, was commenced in 1859, sixty-four years ago this spring. The land through which it flows, was a low flat meadow, owned by the late Urbane H. Swift, through which a little sparkling brook wound its crooked and rippling course on its way to the Housatonic river, into which it emptied near the old mill of the late Derby Building and Lumber Co. Many a time as a barefoot boy have I waded up this brook, bobolinks singing overhead, the long grass waving in the summer breeze on either side, schools of minnows darting here and there disturbed by my splashing feet, with now and then a bullfrog or a little turtle to vary the interest. On its bank were patches of calamus, the tasty green buds of which in the spring were also objects of search, and, when found, of satisfaction.

The water company had many conferences with Mr. Swift before the price of the land was settled and many more with "Squire" Isaac J. Gilbert, who owned a tannery on the brook below, in fixing the compensation for his water power, but finally the deeds were passed, the pond and dam site surveyed and staked out and the contract let to a man named Hunt from Springfield, Mass. His horses and carts didn't arrive as soon as he had expected them and he hired ox teams from the hill farmers. I was the son of one of these.

The price then paid for a yoke of oxen, cart and driver for a full day's work of ten hours, was three dollars. I arranged with father to let me have the team and pay him two dollars. I plowed the ground where the dam was laid out and carted away the greater part of the turf and loam which was of very shallow depth over the subsoil of hard pan. The dirt for the earth dam was taken out from what

is now the bed of the reservoir and I carted and dumped the first load which forms that embankment.

Mr. Hunt, with a display of serpent wisdom, praised my industry and ambition and quietly asked me if I had another cart at home. I was no doubt pleased at his flattery and innocently replied "Yes." "Leave this cart here to-night," said he, "and bring the other down in the morning." I brought it along, backed it up to the bank to be filled, then changed the oxen to the other cart already filled and drove it to the dump. It was a short haul, and so I worked for fourteen days with two carts and one pair of oxen, thus doing the work of two teams, knowing that I was working hard, but just dull enough not to be able to realize that I was being made a chump by this crafty little red-headed contractor.

By this time his own horses and carts had arrived and we farmers went back to the land. The hard work had done me no harm and I had a nice little roll of bills of the Manufacturers' bank, the biggest pile of money I had ever owned up to that time.

The stonework for the spillway was sublet to George Saxton, of Middlebury, a big, burly boss stone mason with one eye, a good workman possessed with a vocabulary of profanity seldom equalled and, I am sure, never excelled. Every stone in that spillway was laid and grouted to the accompaniment of ripping oaths that were supremely expressive in their originality and the power to discourage hesitancy on the part of the workmen employed.

He had a brother, Serene, also a boss stone mason. George had occasion to go home to Middlebury for a few days and left "Serene" in charge. Somehow it happened that on the outer face of the spillway the new boss used the wrong batter plumb rule and drew it in too much in the two or three feet when he raised the stonework during his brother's absence.

When George returned, his one eye noticed this at once and the list of expressive and excessive expletives which passed between the two brothers, with reference to this particular lapse on Serene's part, if it had been preserved would, I am sure, have constituted an all sufficient dictionary of profanity, and remain ample as a text book for all future requirements in that art.

I was at this time sixteen years old and it was while working on this job that I took my first chew of tobacco. I saw one of the shovelers nibbling a big black plug with evident relish. Upon my request he passed it over to me and I also nibbled. The result was swift and effective. I didn't nibble any more that day. Furthermore I vowed never again to touch, taste, or handle, but, like many another foolish one, later on I tried it again and again until I was able to relish the weed as well as any and used it for many years thereafter. However I long ago gave up the practice, to my present great satisfaction.

In those days nearly all the boys learned to chew tobacco, as something desirable as an accomplishment, like learning to swim. I am pleased to notice that the present generation of young men seldom use it in that manner although smoking seems to me to be more prevalent than in those days.

At the time this reservoir was built, no knowledge of typhoid bacterium existed, although that elusive little villain was then on earth and getting in his deadly work just the same as now. He simply had not then been discovered with the goods. Deadly germs then cut no figure in the medical world. Consequently this reservoir was used for boating. As soon as it was filled I traded my first watch for a sail boat, which I used for several years on this inland water, and it afforded me more satisfacion and real pleasure than would a dozen watches.

Skating was also allowed as freely as on any natural pond not used for potable purposes. It became the great skating

rendezvous of the townspeople, who flocked there both by the day and on moonlight nights. There were races and games of "come away" and "shinny stick." One winter an ice boat was used there, "and thereby hangs a tale." The ice boat was built and owned by Will Blakeman whom many still living will remember as a reckless, waggish individual, albeit good at heart. There was a line of open water on the eastern shore of the pond, and Will, with his load of three or four girls, delighted in steering his ice boat straight for this open water, running so near as to raise a terrific scream from the girls, but coming about just in time to avoid a plunge. Once he waited too long and landed his load up to their respective necks in the icy fluid. Then it wasn't so funny. The gallant helmsman jumped off just in time to remain on the ice.

Mr. Swift, who was skating, instantly plunged into the water and helped the girls to wade ashore. The day was so cold that almost instantly their wet clothing was frozen like a board. They were taken into the Swift farmhouse and put to bed while their clothing dried.

So far as I remember, no harm came to these good women because of their impromptu and chilly ducking, but it rendered ice boating unpopular and the ice boat disappeared.

The winter of 1870 was very mild. Edward Lewis used to cut and store ice, strange as it may seem today, from the old canal at Water street, recently filled up by the railroad company. That year no ice had been gathered till March. In the early part of that month a very cold snap came on which froze ice six inches thick. Mr. Lewis built an ice house at the reservoir on Derby hill, and filled it within one week. I helped on this job also. As soon as the sills were laid and the posts set we commenced to pack in the ice, and as fast as the building was boarded up a layer of ice followed, so that it was full before the roof went on.

The weather changed on this last day and the ice was so

rotten that his old white horse broke through and we had to pull him ashore with ropes, and got him out very little the worse for his accident.

This ice house was in use many years, until finally destroyed by fire somewhere in the nineties.

Speaking of germs, the results of their discovery are very noticeable today in the care taken by water companies to render reservoirs safe and sanitary. Instead of boating and skating and fishing, this particular company not only allows none of them but has since built two more reservoirs and purchased nearly the whole watershed to the very source of the brook, and has the whole properly patrolled every day in the year in order to keep all species of the animal kingdom, human or otherwise, from contaminating the people's supply of drinking water.

Whether or not these efforts make it any safer I am unable to say. I do not remember that there was any epidemic of disease in the earlier days of the reservoir when very little care was taken. In the times of ignorance perhaps the good Lord took care of his people, but now that they have discovered that typhoid is not a special dispensation of Providence but has been surely traced to natural causes, it is up to the race to take care of itself just according to its light, ever searching for still more light in the same direction. It is now science against germs. It is a big fight and will be a long one, and yet, if it is true, as I recently read, that the average of human life has been raised by scientific investigation and action from thirty-two to forty-two years, it is well worth while to keep up the fight for better sanitary conditions, and to search for new germs and new serums with which to wage war upon them when discovered.

The time is coming when the sewage of cities will not be turned into the rivers and these streams may again flow from sources to outlet, pure and limpid and wholesome as they were in the days of old.

CIRCUS DAYS OF LONG AGO.

ONE of the few instances on record in which a lad is known to have gotten the better of the financier in the box office. Evolution of old time show.

The evolution of the modern circus or "show" with its mammoth tents, its seven rings or "arenas," its quarter of a hundred elephants and whole jungle of wild animals, its five hundred men and about as many horses, its monstrous wagons and floats and its immense trains of cars, from the "menagerie and caravan" of sixty-five years ago with its one small tent and one ring, its few animals, few men and fewer horses and wagons, has been rapid and wonderful.

The modern show gives so much for the money that the desire to see has been cloyed, as it were, from so much seeing, and its patrons, being harder to please, often call it tame and dull, sometimes using a word which had not been coined fifty years ago, viz., the inelegant but expressive "bum." I have no doubt there was more real individual enjoyment of the smaller show in its time than in the larger one of today.

The old "caravan and menagerie" traveled from town to town by wagon, its jaded horses looking like historic ruins. It usually had one elephant, a cage of monkeys, a black bear, a couple of lions, tigers, panthers and hyenas. This constituted the show. The ring performance was furnished by a pony with a monkey strapped to his back, a ring master with whip, one clown and some clever doings by the elephant. All these were very satisfactory. It is related of "Uncle Siah" Smith, who kept store in Old Town, that he once went to the caravan with his son, Almon. They saw everything several times over and when the son suggested that it was time to go home, "Uncle Siah" said "Where's the

caravan? I hain't seen that yet. I've seen everything else but the caravan."

In the summer of 1855, sixty-eight years ago, I, as a boy of thirteen years, attended one of these shows, probably my first one, and the day has been a red letter day in my life ever since, both for its discomforts and enjoyments. It was held on the meadow just north of the old causeway where many a circus has since exhibited. I had seen the flaming posters announcing its coming and had fully intended to see it "come in," watch the erection of the tent and get all possible fun out of the forenoon, as it was by no means certain that I should be able to raise the price necessary to see the show proper in the afternoon. Judge of my chagrin when my father informed me, the night before, that I must take the old sorrel mare over in the morning to Edwin C. Johnson and ride her to cultivate his two acres of potatoes. Mr. Johnson conducted the grocery store at the northwest corner of Main and Olivia streets, just where the road turns toward the Shelton bridge. My brother was then clerk in this store and I always had it in for him for telling Mr. Johnson where he could get a horse and plow and boy for his potato patch. Said patch was situated in Huntington, now Shelton, on the Bridgeport road at the right hand side, about two or three hundred feet below where the Long Hill or Stratford road, as it was then called, leaves it. The lot was almost opposite Jim Wheeler's sawmill—mill and dam all gone now,—and on that plot of ground are four or five dwellings. I drove past there a few weeks since and was easily able to locate it.

For my honored father to say a thing in those days was for me to do it. At any rate I didn't see any circus "come in," nor any tents erected, nor any parade, but while all that was going on I was riding that old mare, bareback except for the harness back strap—I rode that sweaty old

mare all that hot forenoon, and what with the strap under and the harness saddle in front of me, the plow catching an occasional rock, the perspiration and the heat, I was about as uncomfortable and unhappy a youth as was ever astride a steed. I was chafed in spirit—and otherwise.

The rows were long, we went twice in each, and Mr. Johnson was not entirely pleased that the old mare trampled down his potato tops in turning at the end of the rows, and in no very complimentary terms did he express himself as to my capabilities as a rider and driver. Doubtless I was somewhat indifferent and sulky, and, who could blame me under all the circumstances? But the end came; the job was finished, and I, after putting the plow into the wagon, hitched up the mare and with two dollars in my pocket paid me by Mr. Johnson, I drove over the long, covered bridge, crossed the causeway in full sight of the circus tent, sullen at what I had missed, and arrived at my home on Derby Hill about 12:30 p. m. I gave the money to my father and he handed me back one dollar with the remark, "Eat your dinner and go to the circus if you want to." Did I want to? Well, I should reckon yes! My mental thermometer instantly rose from the zero of depression and disappointment to the ninety in the shade of realization. The lead-like feeling in my breast disappeared in an effervescence of joy. Dinner was bolted and in a very short time behold the erstwhile miserable, barefooted urchin transformed into a happy boy, arrayed in his Sunday best, including shoes, and with a whole dollar in his pocket, all his own, running over the hill across lots, ecstatically oblivious to the heat or any discomfort whatsoever, because he was going to the circus.

On arrival I proceeded to the ticket wagon and, in exchange for my dollar, the ticket agent pushed back a ticket

and a dollar and one-half besides. I looked at it supposing it was intended for some other fellow, and timidly asked for my change. He said "There it is." I replied "That is not mine." He then told me in savage tones to "take the change and get out of the way or I'll make you." The crowd was surging, I was angered, and while not without conscientious misgivings, yet I took it and went my way.

Behold me then, the despondent and penniless child of the morning, transformed into the capitalist of the afternoon. I invested in peanuts and lemonade. I fed the elephants and monkeys. I literally blew myself. Like the hero of "Brewster's Millions" I studied how I must get rid of a certain amount of cash that afternoon, that certain amount being fifty cents, but peanuts and lemonade seemed to offer the only solution, and so I renewed my investments, varying it to lemonade and peanuts. Shel Downs was with me. He had no surplus cash and I was only glad to pay for all. And such an afternoon! The clown joked, the ringmaster's whip cracked. A man and a woman rode standing on the backs of horses and jumped through paper disks, this being at just the period when the caravan was beginning to grow into the circus. The keeper placed his head in the elephant's mouth, and lay down, and the elephant—so carefully, —walked over him. Then a bespangled man went into the lion's cage and did stunts with an air of tremendous superiority.

We saw the animals fed with raw meat and the show was over. We lingered, however, until nearly dark, not to lose anything, and then I slowly climbed the hill to my home, having seen the circus and, after a wild and lavish expenditure of more money than I had ever before owned in my whole life before still having one dollar. My mind was not wholly at ease; there was a feeling that when I took my

change from the ticket agent I should have grabbed the half with the ticket and left the dollar; but it was too late and I accepted the situation albeit not quite satisfied.

I don't know what became of that dollar, but strange as it may seem I never forgot the episode and from that day to this, although I have many times been given an excess of change I have always promptly returned it and the lesson was in the long run a good one. Doubtless I have since deliberately done worse things than keeping that dollar, but that was the only one that persistently weighed upon my mind and would not "down."

One day, years after, I was walking in lower Broadway, New York, when I was accosted by an upturned face, ghastly and miserable in its expression, the owner of which appealingly begged for help. Instantly I went down in my pocket and gave him a dollar. This was not, by any means, my first response to appeals for help in all those years, but somehow it seemed to be the very dollar I had kept so long ago and I was satisfied, and never again has the ticket agent's money troubled me.

Who knows but somehow, someway, in the inscrutable ordering of events, this poor unfortunate relic of humanity may have been the very man who gave it to me, and that at last I had returned it to its real owner.

THE PALLADIUM OF FIFTY YEARS AGO AND SOME OF THE REMINISCENCES PROMPTED BY ITS RECENT DECEASE

THE news of the demise of the New Haven Palladium a few months since gave me a great jolt like that caused by the death of an old friend whom one knew and loved in the long ago and had passed out of remembrance until the news of his death awakened the old memories.

Away back, before the war, The Palladium was the only bearer of news that came to the old farmhouse in which I was born and reared. It arrived every Thursday by stage and was left at the village store. Except for the fresh news of the state, it brought tidings from the rest of the country from one to two weeks old and its foreign information was several weeks, and some even months old.

So strict then was the observance of Sunday, that we were not allowed to read even that staid but very secular sheet. Our reading on that day was, by our very orthodox father, confined to a few periodicals issued by the Tract society, the Home and Foreign Missionary societies, in the contents of which we young ones had not the slightest interest. The tracts contained stories of abnormally good girls and boys who were converted almost as soon as they were born and always died young. We would rather read the advertisements in The Palladium than any of the stuff in those pamphlets.

Somehow it seems to me now, that in those days we were made to do lots of undesirable things that we were told we ought to do, while the things which it was said we ought not to do were the very things we wanted most to do. We wanted to read The Palladium on Sunday and couldn't. We

didn't want to read the pious stuff and must. Children were told they mustn't do certain things. They couldn't see any harm in doing them and were never told why they must not do them. "Theirs not to reason why."

I remember once I had heard some one use two words, one beginning with a big, big G, and other with a big D. My father was trimming fruit trees and I and my brother were dragging off the brush. In an evil moment I repeated these two capitalized words. They were a big mouthful but I ejected them bravely and successfully. My brother, three years older than I, shook his head ominously and glanced warningly towards father. Nothing daunted, I repeated the offence, this time explosively, clear and distinct.

Father quietly cut a little sprout, took me by the hand and nearly wore out the wood in applying it vigorously to various parts of my anatomy. Not a word escaped him, until the finish, when he sternly said: "Never say those words again."

I was a little fellow. I couldn't fully comprehend just why I had been so severely beaten. I went down into the cellar of a little farm shop building which stood near, shut the door, and there, all alone in the dark, I repeated those two big words of blasphemy over and over again. Smarting from the licking, mad and miserable, I took a lot of comfort out of the fact that I could say them and no one would stop me. I am sure that, had my father told me earnestly and kindly of the enormity of my offence, I should have been only too sorry for my sin and glad to avoid it in the future.

But to come back to The Palladium. It continued its visits to our family for years after until the breaking out of the civil war, through the war and long after.

In the fall of 1861, I at age nineteen, being ambitious to earn some money of my own, got a job for the winter in an old wood turning shop situated on a water power on the New Haven turnpike, about two miles from Derby. I

walked about two miles over the hills, often wallowing through snowdrifts, and arrived at 7 o'clock. The war was on and all were eager for news from the front. The paper arrived at the shop promptly at 7. It was brought by a long lean man named Thompson. His head was drawn by some sort of contraction of neck muscles to one side, almost to his shoulder. He came loaded with New Haven morning papers, The Palladium and Journal-Courier, and, whatever the weather, rain or snow, it never hindered his arrival, which was as prompt as that of an express of to-day.

I have often wondered at the amount of his endurance. He walked from New Haven over the turnpike to Derby, nine miles, across to Birmingham, thence to Ansonia, disposing of his load all the way and then returned, passing our shop about two o'clock in the afternoon on his way home, only to repeat the round the next day and every day. His daily walk was fully twenty-five miles, and when we consider the weight of his paper load, for distribution over all that route, it seems impossible that any muscles less than steel or rubber could have carried him through all those years. Of course he never could have carried that number of the present day papers of sixteen or twenty pages. Four to six pages was about the average in those days. No doubt he has long since gone to his final rest, but there are many living in the associated towns in the lower Naugatuck valley who remember "Old Morning Palladium," as he was universally called. Doubtless Col. Osborn of the Journal-Courier remembers him well.

I worked in that old shop three winters, returning to the farm in summer, and my recollections of the experiences of those winters in that long ago are among the pleasantest of a life of nearly seventy years. The output of that shop comprised turned handles, lemon squeezers, mallets, martingale rings and checkers. There were about fifteen of us and a

jollier set never worked together. At the noon hour we sat around the old wood stove and toasted our bread on its flat top until the butter melted. We told stories and cracked jokes at one another's expense. Our pay day came once a month and we went home that night feeling rich with neither thought of strike nor feeling of antagonism to capital.

The flume was old and leaky and on cold nights the leakage froze on to one side of the big overshot water wheel to the extent that it could not be started in the morning until all hands had climbed between its spokes and cut away the ice. And then when it started, being heavily weighted on one side of its axle, it made the old shafting and lathes run with tremendous speed during one-half its turn and then slow down almost to the stopping point during the other half turn.

Most of us were young fellows but there were two Germans, middle-aged men. One of these, we youngsters used to plague in all sorts of ways. So long as he swore at us in broken English we knew we were safe, but when he came to the point when English would not suffice and he began to curse us in real German, we knew it was time to let up.

One day in the early spring, such a day as all have experienced, so warm as to be oppressive and make it hard to keep on working, the "boss" piled up a lot of green wood, sawed pieces, to be turned into handles—around the stove and built up a big fire in order to dry and season the wood quickly. One of these Germans, almost overcome with the heat, opened the window in front of his lathe. The boss, coming in, soon closed the window. The workman again opened it. Again came the boss and slammed it down with the remark:

"Leave that window down! I am boss here."

"Yes," said the old German, "you my boss, but Mein Gott and Himmell, you not my roasting boss!"

Up went the window again, and the boss retired before

the determined attitude of the now thoroughly enraged Teuton.

The old German, too, could play tricks upon us boys and the fun was not all ours, as I can bear testimony. I found my lathe emitting a most powerful odor one day upon starting to work after dinner, and didn't find out till the next day that the old fellow had smeared it over with Limburger.

But it was not all fun. There were five hundred soldiers in the war from our town. Most of them we knew, and The Daily Palladium often brought news of the death or severe wounding of some of these. Those were sober hours and we talked of the horrors of war and of the brave boys who were risking their lives for country, many of whom we should never see again. When reverses were announced with lists of killed, and among them close friends and acquaintances, we often spent days of gloom, working in silence and wondering when it would all be over. Then again when it chronicled news of victory we were glad, but even victory had cost the precious life of some friend and still the load was at our heart's door.

Fifty-nine years have passed since last I worked in that old factory. It was finally destroyed by fire and its site and dam are now utilized for a saw mill. "The boss" long since died, likewise my two old German shopmates and, of all those who worked with me, I know of none besides myself living.

That other old shopmate and friend of those days, The Palladium, has ceased its issues. Is it any wonder that the tidings of its dissolution should have awaked dormant memories and a feeling of personal loss? For eighty years it spoke to the people of Connecticut of the world's doings and progress. During the period when it was conducted by Babcock and Northrop, and Train, it was known as a valuable property and a real power in the press of the state. I am persuaded that if the New Haven of 50,000 could support

two prosperous morning papers, which it did, the present city of thrice that number should be sufficient to continue such support. I had hoped that in the merger with the Journal-Courier the name might be preserved by some such combination as the "Journal-Palladium," or the "Palladium-Courier," but it was allowed to die and with it the daily publication of that old motto which had appeared printed upon a page of each issue during its fourscore years of publication, viz., "Let it be impressed upon your hearts and let it be instilled into the minds of your children that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all your rights."

BEES, WASPS, HORNETS AND STINGS

THIS is not intended to be an essay on bees from a scientific standpoint, as per natural history. It will not divide them into families nor species with Latin names, but will treat of them by just the common names by which they were known in my younger days.

And first I take up the honey bee, the only species of the whole lot which has ever demonstrated its right to live. I might read up in the books and tell how skillfully it forms the hexagonal cells wherein to deposit the honey. I might tell of the process of feeding and caring for the queen, and of the marvelous details of its work during its short and busy life, but it is with stings and their application that I intend to deal in this article and they are the most pointed things in the bee's whole makeup.

The honey bee works at all hours and makes no extra charge for overtime. The old school readers moralized something like this: "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour and gather honey all the day from every opening flower." This was intended as a lesson to the effect that work is the only real thing. I didn't need to go to any dog-gone bee for that lesson in my younger days—I had it at home. The only lesson the little hot-footed insect ever taught me, and it was a real one, was to keep away from the hive when the sun was shining and the inmates were livelier and attending strictly to business. I don't believe the fellow lives who has been stung oftener and by so great a variety of sting bearers as has your humble servant.

We had an acre or so of seed onions. The stalks grow about three feet high and carry on top a puff of blossom as big as a baseball and when in full bloom, which condition

lasted a couple of weeks, they were literally covered with all manner of bees, wasps, hornets and all other sting-armed insects named in the natural history, and then some. I never saw any onion honey advertised, as I have clover, buckwheat, etc., but whether good or not I can testify that the honey gatherers are very fond of it. When riding horse to cultivate these onions the blossom heads came just high enough to brush my bare feet, and, say! those insects practised on me when my feet disturbed their sweet occupation and by the time the job was finished they—the feet—were swollen so as to resemble a couple of medium-sized hams.

Nevertheless the honey bee is a very useful creature. He, she, or it—I believe the gender requires a lot of study to be able to tell all about it—by furnishing a really nutritious and tasty food product is contributing to the sum of human comfort, and if let alone will use only its industrious and useful end and never go on strike. As an egg producer the queen bee is a phenomenon. When she gets herself into laying order she is said to produce 1,000 or more each day and keeps it up as long as she lives. If only a breed of hens with similar fecundity might be produced, the cold storage plant would not work and we all might afford to eat fresh eggs often.

Another of this genus is the wasp. If the Creator intended this creature for any wise purpose man has not fathomed it. Slender and tight-laced, it had a habit of crawling in beneath the loose window casings in the old farm house in the fall, for winter hibernation. The books say that the male wasp dies during the winter, and only the female lives to see the spring. I can testify that in the warm days of spring she crawled out again and spread herself throughout the house. She had a way of hiding between the sheets in my bed where I found her later on, or where she found me, and any one who has ever crawled unprepared into bed with

a hot wasp knows what that finding means in results The terrible uncertainty as to whether or not there are more of her in the same bed, decidedly blunts the satisfaction of killing her. My Sunday trousers hung in the closet—I didn't wear any under flannels in those days—and to find by physical demonstration one or more of these attenuated females in the leg of one's trousers when dressing for church, is not conducive to the preparedness of spirit required for a profitable attendance of divine service.

Another species was the bumble bee. Natural history calls him the "humble bee," but I prefer the name by which I so intimately knew him in boyhood. His kind build their nests in the ground in moist meadows, and it was in haying time that we made their acquaintance. In the old days of hand mowing they would just hold us up in the swath, when the mower had trodden on the nest, and however brave the mower might be, though he stood his ground 'til he had whipt his straw hat into shreds in self defense, by the time one or two had lodged in his hair, another on his bare arm, still another on his ankle, and then, some in other regions of his anatomy, each giving him the poison prod, his courage had oozed away and he ran like the wind across the field, leaving scythe, hat and all. In later days, after the advent of the mowing machine, it was even worse. When the horses had been stung a few times, and were thoroughly waked up, the driver had his hands full controlling them, and no matter if a big bumble bee was on his nose or neck, or on each, he must stand to his post and drive out of their reach.

I have been attacked by these fellows even up in the hay mow when the nest had, accidentally, been pitched on to the load in a forkful of hay and thus sent up the poor little cuss—meaning me—who had to mow away hay until nearly smothered. Don't I remember the bumble bee?

I now come to a variety of stinger more energetic and vindictive than any which I have thus far described, viz. hornets, I know of but two species of these but that number is quite sufficient. The "yellow jackets" build their nest under ground and enter and depart through a little round hole very hard to find,—we found these when plowing up sod ground. The plowshare glided under the nest and turned it up to the daylight—letting free a swarm of the little yellow spiteful devils which were so angered at the surreptitious and sudden manner of their bringing up that they attacked every living thing in sight. The worst of it is that you can't see them until they have stung you, and during the short time required for the nerves to inform the brain that there is pain, and for the brain to inform the leg muscles that they would better get busy, you are stung a dozen times. In short, these little insects show a very numerous and pointed opposition to being disturbed, which opposition must be experienced to be appreciated.

But all these are as nothing, mere diversion, when compared with the big black and white hornet. This fellow hangs his nest from a tree branch or builds it underneath the eaves of the farm house. It first shows as a little gray-colored, inverted cone-shaped bunch, which slowly increases in size until it is as big as the crown of a man's hat. I never poked one of these nests but once, when the tenants were at home; I learned more in five minutes than in any whole month of my life. Father had warned me to let it alone. "Mind your own business and they'll mind theirs and in the fall they'll die and you can get the nest!" I hated to wait till fall and so, one Saturday, right after dinner when the sun was shining hot, I took a long pole and gave the nest a vicious jab which knocked off about half of it and exposed its insides. I made the first jab and the big hornets made all the rest. Of course I ran and when I got rid of

them you might have thought I was growing horns from the cone-like protuberances which appeared where each beast had prodded me.

Readers, if you ever meet one of these black and white hornets when he is out for business take it from me that you should give him a clear track. Although he flies straight ahead yet he travels with his business end curled under like a lobster's tail until it is a little in advance of his head, and if you get in his path, and he strikes you, the impact will be like that of a Mauser bullet and if you survive you will never again desire his company.

Much has been said in regard to bee stings as a cure for rheumatism. If this theory is reliable I recommend this variety of the stinger. If the efficacy of the treatment is in proportion to the vehemency of its application, about three black and white hornets should be sufficient for a whole hospital.

BOYS ON THE FARM SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

TO one who can remember the New England farms of sixty years ago, with their almost invariably thrifty appearance, the apparent unthrift amounting to neglect which characterizes many of New England farms today is very noticeable. In driving over the Connecticut hills one may still find farms kept in good order, but there are many which show neglect, and some with houses abandoned and tottering to ruin.

Doubtless there are contributory causes for the depopulation of these farms, but I am convinced that a very large factor in the bringing about of such conditions has been the treatment of the boys on the farm sixty-five years ago. As manufacturing villages grew, it became difficult to hire good help on the farm. Economy and hard work with long hours were all absolutely necessary to making both ends meet, and so the boys were made at a very early age to do men's work, and if there was a particularly tiresome job it was assigned to them.

Here are some of the jobs that literally drove the boys away from home. Picking up stones in the spring in a three or even ten-acre lot, and carrying them to piles to be drawn away later on by the men. The monotony of this work was enough to drive a man crazy, to say nothing of a boy ten or twelve years old who had never learned to labor. This was even worse than driving oxen to plow. The continuous round, backing and turning at the corners, made the day long and dreary. The boy was called up early in the morning to drive in the cows for the milking, and he himself had his own two or three to milk, and then drive them away again, the operation to be repeated at night when the sun

went down. Dropping potatoes, carrying a heavy basket across a big plowed lot, was the boy's job, although much heavier than that of the full grown man who followed after and covered them with the hoe. In haying time, before the day of mowing machines, it was the boy who must turn the grindstone for five or six successive mowers to grind dull scythes, until after often changing hands, with arms weary and aching, for what seemed hours, he was ready to drop. He wasn't allowed to drop, however, for he must follow those mowers and spread or "ted" the swaths which they cut, and when the hay was being carted it was the boy who raked after the cart enduring chiding and scoldings for leaving some after him.

Can he rest? No, for he must go to the barn, and, up in a mow, hotter than a furnace, he must stamp down the hay as it is rolled and pitched to him, coming out almost smothered to hurry after another load and repeat the performance, between times running to the house after drink and luncheon for the "busy" men.

Raking rye for two men to bind was another pastime for the boy. He usually went barefooted and barelegged to the knees, the briars and poisonous stubble making his poor little legs purple and bleeding. On rainy days the boy could shell corn in the loft or sprout potatoes in the cellar, another cheerful and exhilarating job. In winter he might go to the district school for a few months, but he must do chores and milk by lantern light in the morning before going, and repeating the trick at night. On Saturday he might help the hired man thresh rye or cut wood in the yard.

There were no panics or dull times in his business. He always had a job. In his occasional visits to the village to carry in a load of potatoes or perhaps help with a load of hay, he saw the clerk in the country store, or the young man in the factory. The store clerk didn't seem to be working

very hard and the factory boy at least knew when his day's work was done. Is it any wonder that the boy grew restless and discouraged with his lot until he ran away, or if he waited until he was his own man, left the farm with its hated work and lonesomeness, ready to take up anything, no matter what?

This perhaps is an extreme picture, and yet it is true of many a little fellow who came up stunted physically and mentally growing prematurely old, and who if he remained on the farm, never got, intellectually, much beyond the cattle and pigs with which he associated.

I am sure there are men, living today, who will bear me out in these statements, based on their own early experiences, and who, if they had not broken away, would never have gone beyond the above described conditions. Not all fathers treated their boys in this way, by any means; but many, while teaching to work, sent them to school, allowed them to play, gave them a holiday now and then and a dollar to spend, paid them wages while yet minors and treated them as partners when of age. Those boys generally developed an interest in the farm work, read books on chemistry of soils, experimented in rotation of crops, dipped into fancy stock and often turned out better, more thrifty and bigger farmers than were their fathers.

ANOTHER SIDE OF THE "BOYS ON THE FARM"

I HAVE previously written upon the subject of the hardships of boys on the farms years ago, all of which is true, but there was also another side to the story and sometimes the hardship was on the father. Perhaps this might often be charged to the latent desire to "get even," which seems to exist in most individuals of the animal kingdom, including boys.

I knew a father who was teaching his boy to mow. The old man fixed him up with a rig with which he himself could do good work but somehow the boy couldn't make it go to suit. He complained that it didn't "hang right." The father showed a lot of patience. He set the scythe out a little more. It was no use. He took it again, but with the same result. Still it didn't "hang right." At last the father, his patience exhausted dropped it on the ground and said: "Hang it yourself."

The boy picked it up and hung it on the limb of an apple tree overhead, and with the remark, "It hangs to suit me now," walked off. The old man looked after him in perfect astonishment, and then ejaculated.

"Well I van! That boy ain't such a dum fool after all."

My father raised garden seeds. We had about ten acres which we used for that business, and from the first minute in April, when the frost was out of the ground, until haying time this ten acres called for a lot of work, plowing, fertilizing, harrowing, raking, drilling, cultivating, hoeing, weeding. Every inch of this ground must be hoed at least three times, and that meant, for me, riding horse to cultivate thirty acres. I had about all of that work that I cared for, and the wonder is that I didn't grow up bowlegged. With my

father following the cultivator, I rode well and carefully, following the rows and at ends doing my best to keep the old mare from stepping on the growing plants, but with the hired man at the handles I took more liberties, and, to vary the monotony—I suppose from pure cussedness—let the mare get over into the next row, which act brought down upon my head curses loud and deep and in various languages, according to the nationality of the plowman. So long as he swore at me in broken English I knew I was safe, but when he got in to his own vernacular I was aware that I could not with entire safety proceed further, and then father had a persuasive way of procedure with a wild cherry sprout that was conducive to good order when properly applied, and the knowledge of this, gained by frequent experience, acted as a discourager of wrong doing. Yet, in spite of fears, and in spite of experience, I sometimes broke over and took fearful risks.

Besides those ten acres of garden seeds we planted three or four acres of corn and about the same of potatoes. My good sire used to drive down to the shore of Long Island sound at Milford, about eight miles away, a half day's fishing or clamming, or both, after the planting was done, sometimes taking me with him—but not always. I remember once when we had finished planting corn he took me down to the corn lot after dinner and showed me how to stick a pumpkin seed in every other hill, in every other row. He gave me a little bag of seeds and said if I would do that job carefully, I might have the rest of the afternoon to myself. He then drove off on his clamming trip.

I stuck about five or six rows faithfully and well, but I wasn't stuck on the job. My back ached, and I saw that if I did the rest of the patch as faithfully and well, my surplus time for play would be, for that afternoon, nothing. However I stuck one more bout, thinking deeply all of the time,

and then I dug a little hole at the end of the next row into which I emptied the remainder of the pumpkin seeds and covered them nicely with soil.

I found another boy and we smoked a red squirrel out of a hole in a tree and did several stunts in the play line until it was time to bring up the cows. Father came home with his clams and at supper asked me if I had stuck all the seeds. With a slightly mental reservation I could and did truthfully say that I had. All went well until about two weeks later, the corn was up and father decided that it needed cultivating and hoeing.

That meant me to ride. The seeds had sprouted, and there appeared in every second hill of corn a dark green lusty pumpkin plant. We cultivated a few rows and, all at once, pumpkin plants were missing! Father stopped and looked along the rows. Finally his eyes, as also did mine, caught sight of a bunch of hundreds of those same plants at the end of the row where I, without full consideration of the future, had buried the seeds. He comprehended the situation instantly, and I also knew what I was up against. Calmly observing that he thought I had finished that corn patch quickly that day, he walked to the stone wall, cut the usual wild cherry sprout, with which he taught me one more lesson in agriculture.

That corn lot was cultivated and hoed, after which I was given another bag of pumpkin seeds and quietly told to "stick them through the rest of the rows." I performed the duty without argument and so well that at the next hoeing some two weeks later the plants were in evidence through the whole field, and although the first rows were somewhat in advance of those later planted, yet when fall arrived it brought a full crop of pumpkins from the whole lot. Of course this was but a boy's caper, without thought or perhaps regardless of consequence. A boy cannot be kept all the

time under pressure. He must be allowed some opportunity to effervesce or he may burst and go to pieces like an overworked bottle of small beer.

Weeding onions was one of the many jobs which, however strong the onion, did not appeal strongly to me. To crawl on the ground pulling weeds until knees were calloused and fingers sore was not the job the boy would select. Occasionally there were revival meetings in the church. An evangelist would put in a week of work at saving souls, holding both afternoon and evening meetings. During this week he gave us hell in full measure. If this week came in summer, notwithstanding that work was pressing, father was anxious that his boy should get the benefit of the meetings, and I was given the choice of attending or weeding onions. Me for the meetings! Not that I hated them any the less but the weeding more, and if praying was necessary I had the knees already calloused to perfection.

And then there was the butchering day. Neighbors joined in the butchering bee and neighbors had boys. Such larks with a big fire under the water kettle outdoors; piling on wood and bringing water; dragging the hogs to earth for the sticking knife; scalding, scraping, blowing up the bladders almost to the thinness of a soap bubble and then kicking them to a frazzle, all the while having in mind for the near future liver and head cheese, sausage and souse shanks, shoulders and hams.

There was a lot of fun on the farm after all. Yoking calves and breaking steers in the snow in the winter was exciting and diverting. Helping the old dog get a woodchuck out of the stone wall in summer, setting box traps and twitchups for rabbits in winter, all had their attractions, and I have even enjoyed milking a kicking cow. A boy can often do things that man cannot do. I have in mind an old yellow cow that could kick the pail out of a man's hand, kick the

milking stool after it, and then kick the man after the stool. The boy would tie her short in the stall, and standing with his head pressed under her hip bone, grab her dugs and with his stout arm in front of her leg she couldn't kick at all. When she picked up her foot it had to go down again just where she took it up and before she knew it the boy had her milked dry. It was the same with breaking a colt to ride, or steers to the yoke. The boy, if stout and plucky, would beat the man every time.

I went to school in winter and Saturdays I skated and coasted some, but somehow father had a notion that better recreation was to be found in work and so I threshed rye or picked over white beans more hours on that day than I either skated or coasted. But I "got by" all right, grew up to manhood, brought a wife home to the old farm and for twenty-eight years thereafter, father and mother lived with us and our children, without care. We closed their eyes in death at ninety-five and eighty-two, respectively, and I have no greater satisfaction than that of knowing how easy was their way down the decline of life, and I have no recollections of either except those of affection and gratitude that they brought me up to be honest, to reverence religion, and look always and ever on the bright side.

BELLS, ALSO BELLES

A QUESTION has come to me through a citizen of Derby asking as to what I think of bells and gongs, and noises to usher in the New Year.

Well, I like it. "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." It is a notice to the old year to "stand not on the order of his going but go at once," and to the New Year "Hail and welcome." But about two minutes of the bedlam of noises is long enough. After that it becomes monotonous and nerve-racking. If the calendar might be changed to have the day begin with what is now 6 o'clock in the morning at a time when the whole earth wakes to life and motion, instead of at what is now 12 o'clock at night when the human animal sleeps, or should, and the wild beasts prowl and plunder, the noise of the morning new year would be much more welcome. But I am looking at it from the octogenarian's point of view and doubtless the old calendar will go on as usual.

He also asks what I know about bells in general and particularly at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. I answer, "nothing." I spent a week at that exposition but have no recollection of any bell ringing in connection with that event.

We have all heard of "The Bells of Shandon," the curfew bell, the old woman of Banbury Cross with "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," the bell that Joan of Arc heard at Domremy, the Independence bell of Philadelphia, the bell of the Old South church of Boston, or at least the belfry—which implies a bell—where the lantern was hung which sped Paul Revere on his way to Lexington and Concord.

The "History of Bells" is a long one and to write it in full would use too much of The Sentinel space, so that what I

shall say will be condensed. The usual composition of bells is a fusion of copper and tin in various proportions but about 4 of copper to 1 of tin. Away back in ancient Egypt the Feast of Osiris was announced by the ringing of bells. We have it from Holy Writ that Aaron and the other high priests wore golden bells attached to their vestments, and the Prophet Zechariah speaks of "bells on the horses."

The use of bells in churches dates back to about 500 A. D. and this custom soon spread throughout Christendom. The earlier bells were small, but in the 13th century the bell Jacqueline of Paris, cast in 1400, weighed 12,000 pounds. Another bell cast in 1472 weighed 25,000 pounds, the famous bell of Rouen, cast in 1501, 26,000 pounds and the greatest bell ever made, the great bell of Moscow, weighed 193 tons, was 21 feet in height and the same in diameter,—these figures from the encyclopedia.

If that bell had been rung in Derby at midnight January 1, 1924, I think the good people of the associated cities would have thought "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds" was at their doors.

Bells came into general use, in churches especially, at the time of the English—so-called—reformation; the Dissenters from the established church were denied the use of bells on their churches. In fact they didn't want them. Everything must be austere and plain, but gradually this was overcome and almost every church of whatever denomination had its belfry and bell.

The early settlers of this country had no bells. Their primitive churches were of logs rough hewn and shapeless, not even keeping out the cold, and the luxury of a bell was unthinkable and impossible, but as the years went on and the population increased and spread itself over the New England hills the sound of the church-going bell vibrated from the

hilltops and was answered from the valleys, and no more musical sound could be possible than this ringing call to the worship of God on Sunday morning.

Now as to the history of bells in Derby. Perhaps if Brother Wall had spelled it belles, I might be able to make this article more interesting, there were so many of these belles in my native town when I was 20 years old 60 years ago that my story, if all were included, would be a long and merry one. There were then sleigh bells, and to be tucked under a big buffalo robe in a sleigh with one of the belles of the old town snuggled at one's side, slipping over the snow, the "moon walking in brightness," the stars twinkling overhead, the sleigh bells with "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, in the icy air of night, and the stars that over-sprinkle all the heavens, seem to twinkle with a crystalline delight." I say to be in just that position—as I often was, oh! so long ago, was to be nearer heaven than I have ever been since, whatever may be in store for me in the future.

In Derby was the first bell whose tones ever vibrated in the whole Naugatuck valley, and those tones first rang out about 1740, or soon thereafter. It was in a belfry on the Academy situated on what is now Academy hill, and of this academy nothing is now left but the cellar. The old building has been gone so long that trees 6 inches in diameter are growing in it between the old historic stone walls. This bell served for many years as a call to worship on Sunday mornings for the congregations of two nearby churches of different denominations.

The next bell in the town was and is that now ringing weekly from the graceful steeple of the First Congregational church, where it has hung more than a century during which it has sent forth its glad peal for weddings and its sad tolling for funerals until all the worshippers of the generation that heard its first call have passed over and it is still calling those

of the present with the same clear tone to the worship of the God of the fathers.

Then came the bells on the other churches, the Methodist, 1836, St. James 1842, Second Congregational 1845, and St. Mary's also 1845. I have no means of knowing whether the Methodists had a bell at the time their first church was built, but they did soon after, and when John Brown was hanged, Isaac J. Gilbert had the courage to toll the Methodist bell to the disgust of most of the townspeople. That was about 70 years ago and I well remember it. Public sentiment is changeable and today John Brown is considered a martyr to principle fully as much so as any martyr of all the ages.

I do not know if the bell of St. James is the original or not, or whether the present main bell came on with the advance of the chimes, a half century or more ago. I do know the chimes are there, as I was a contributor to their coming to the tune of $24 at a time when that amount meant much more to me than it would today. As I pass this substantial stone structure with its square stone tower suggestive of the older churches of Europe I always feel a proprietary interest. Something as a small stockholder might feel toward a big manufacturing establishment or a railroad company.

The bell on the Congregational church followed next and was for many years the largest and fullest toned bell in town, but when the new big bell was placed on St. Mary's church, at its first ringing it showed more volume of tone and vibration and easily beat them all. When visiting Derby it is always a delight to be awakened by its call to prayer, and, while I fear I do not respond to the call, physically, yet, mentally I say "God bless that for which this beautiful bell stands, viz. the worship of the Christians' God" to which we all assent. However much we may be divided we may work together, practicing "in essentials unity, in non essentials liberty, in all things charity."

Before the days of steam gong bells were used at the factories. The bell on the old Iron and Steel Works at the foot of Main street, together with that on the Derby Building and Lumber company factory on the east side, were both rung at 6 and 7 a. m., at 12 and 1 midday and at 6 at night. They never varied a minute from the right time and the townspeople corrected their timepieces by these bells. They were both familiar sounds in my younger days as they could be plainly heard from the old farm house on the hilltop where I passed more than a half century of life. Both bells are gone and both mills are gone, and gone also are most of those who worked in them, but in their day they furnished employment to a lot of people and were important factories in the growth of Derby.

And now, at this season when we have so recently entered another year, and look down the long road of uncertainty and expectancy, may we all recite in unison,

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

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